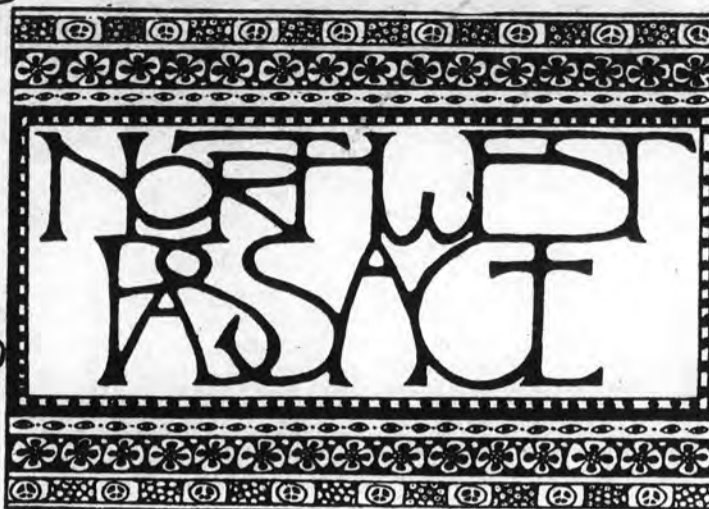




Volume 4  
Number 10



Bellingham, Washington  
March 1—March 14, 1971

# communes



*ARCO Demonstrations*

*Tooth Truth*

*Reviews*

*Molasses Jug*

25¢



# Letters

TO THE EDITOR....

## ARCO Burned

ARCO  
P.O. Box 75007  
Sanford Station  
Los Angeles, California, 90005

My Dear Oil Barons,

I have destroyed my ARCO credit card. Burned it. I protest your big-business, fast profit-centered rape of the earth. You know what I am talking about.

I am urging my friends and neighbors to destroy their cards and to stop buying your products.

I intend to do a lot more walking.

Sincerely,  
Donald R. Alford

## Ecology Freaks

Dear city slickers:

I have been told over the years about progress and how that's going to help me live better. Consequently, I've been running away farther and farther into the woods, only to be found again and again by well-meaning souls who build roads and cities, breed more people and flush more toilets. Used to be it wasn't very popular to talk about conservation. Conservation meant building roads and sewers so more people could "enjoy" making money at a park's expense. A couple of years ago, a project called Mission 66 proposed a four lane super-highway into and out of the Grand Canyon. (Back then four lanes was a super-highway.) But wilderness fanatics saved it. Me, I just try to maintain my peace of mind with my friends the trees, and wonder what you "ecology freaks" are up to.

I've been visited by wilderness fanatics for many years watching their religious commitment, and tolerating their "human" intentions. But ecology freaks are new to me. A short while ago the only ecology I ever saw was people coming out poisoning coyotes and wolves to make bigger deer herds. Game management, they called it, and still do. But now people come out and actually pick up trash. Only a few do, but it is a fir piece from the old days.

From some of my friends, I hear you folks are playing with politics, for people's and my benefit. That's been going on for years...I don't care whether an oppressive corporate bureaucracy owns people, or a popularly elected oppressive government. All power lends itself to corruption, even revolutionary power. Who cares how you let yourselves be used, degraded, and exploited?

I can't sympathize with your peppermint (candy-striped) minds, token humanitarianism, or your theatrical ecology. The land and water is being raped now as it has been since white man first came here, except that now it is easier and faster due to technology. I wish you would do something about the destruction and degradation of Life, and the growth of the bacterium known as concrete along with her fat sister, called population. Please, I beg.

Thank you,  
Forest Primeval

## Bodies

Dear Freaks of Bellingham,

You got a real nice town here. A relaxed tight open community with a certain small town frontier charm to it. But one thing I gotta say, you are not yet aware of your bodies.

I still hear all you big bad studs out there talking about your "chicks" or even sometimes your "clits" like you talk about your motorcycle or your guitar. I haven't heard or read a word about a gay liberation scene in the three weeks I been here. Sexually it appears you are still strictly split-level. Basically if you want to "realize" your sexuality you gotta recognize that a woman is not a weak submissive "object" for your gratification and that a man is not the strong, dominating aggressor; God's gift to womanKind. And likewise--the taboos against sexual perversion are a creation of our repressed culture and that man is in reality bi-sexual (remember your childhood) and "polymorphously perverse" if you've read Freud. In other words, there's lots of ways you can express your sexuality apart from heterosexual coitus.

Have you never noticed how beautiful people of your own sex can be?

Advice from a visitor--Open up your head, let in some new air, free your bodies, maybe you're not as liberated as you think you are. As for me I gotta get back to the city.

Stephen R.

## Women's Bull

Dear NWP:

Some thoughts on Women's Struggle (NWP, Feb. 15). Most of the letter was good but I question the demonstration on the Iron Bull in Seattle.

Specifically the merit of the tactic in light of questions which could be raised about the fairness of their grievances, and implied assumptions, about why the five women were fired, after refusing to wear near-nude costume.

I think the reason was apparently economic (since the Bull probably felt the costume would attract customers) and not an unfair discrimination because the girls wouldn't work in "underwear". (If a waiter wouldn't wear a suit, or a male clerk wouldn't cut his hair, they would be fired; maybe it's not just, but it's not discrimination.)

If it is felt that this is exploitation of the female form, I have to agree, but then typing is an exploitation of female digital ability, and if there is a moral objection to the attire (or lack of it) others must counter with, what right do you have to tell us what is Moral? A good point since near-nude barmaids don't seem to hurt anybody.

No one should force the girls to wear this costume but it was part of a job they weren't forced to take. Let others have the job then, that don't

mind the attire.

Much as I hate to defend the Iron Bull, it does seem they have the right to hire those who don't have a hangup that won't allow them to do the job as outlined. A demonstration against that privilege is opposed to the freedom Women's Lib seeks. And is a waste of energy that could be put elsewhere in the Movement. Also a demonstration over such an issue fosters disrespect for Women's Lib by making it look like a collection of nit-picking puritanical harpies, and so negates the work of others.

Donald



## Passage Error

Dear NWP:

In the Feb. 15-28 issue of the Passage you appended to my article on the lettuce dispute a list of product labels under the heading "Let-us Boycott." Presumably you did this for the convenience of people who do not want to buy products manufactured by a company that has not cooperated with the United Farm Workers. Unfortunately, the products you list, or all the I recognize (Brillo, Purex Bleach, Dutch Cleanser, etc.) are manufactured by a company--Purex--that signed a contract with the United Farm Workers several months ago. Anyone wanting people to act responsibly in their dealings with other people should set a good example. I think some rectification of your mistake is in order.

The situation as of today (2/15/71) is that Inter-Harvest (owned by United Fruit) and Fresh-Pict (owned by Purex) do have contracts with Cesar Chavez' United Farm Workers. The two largest holdouts are Bud Antle, Inc. (affiliated with Dow Chemical) and Bruch Church Farms (independent). Antle has a "sweetheart" contract with the Teamsters as explained in my article. Numerous smaller growers have no contracts with anyone. Therefore, anyone wanting to support the United Farm Workers organizing efforts should look for and buy Inter-Harvest and Fresh-Pict produce and, as of this writing, avoid head lettuce from any other grower. Purex products are not involved in any present boycott activities; Dow products (including

Saran Wrap and Handi-Wrap) are.

There is little chance, however, of finding head lettuce grown under a UFW contract (look for the black eagle) in this area as Bellingham is one of those places wholesalers dump produce boycotted elsewhere by better organized consumers and more sympathetic markets. All the lettuce I have seen around here has either a Teamsters' Union label or no union label on it. It helps to ask though and if you are supporting the United Farm Workers, tell the produce manager why you aren't buying lettuce.

For \$3.50 you can get a year's subscription to *El Macriado*, the United Farm Workers newspaper and keep up to date. The address is *El Macriado*, P.O. Box 130, Delano, Calif. 93215

Sincerely,  
Jerry Richard

## Censored

PASSAGE:

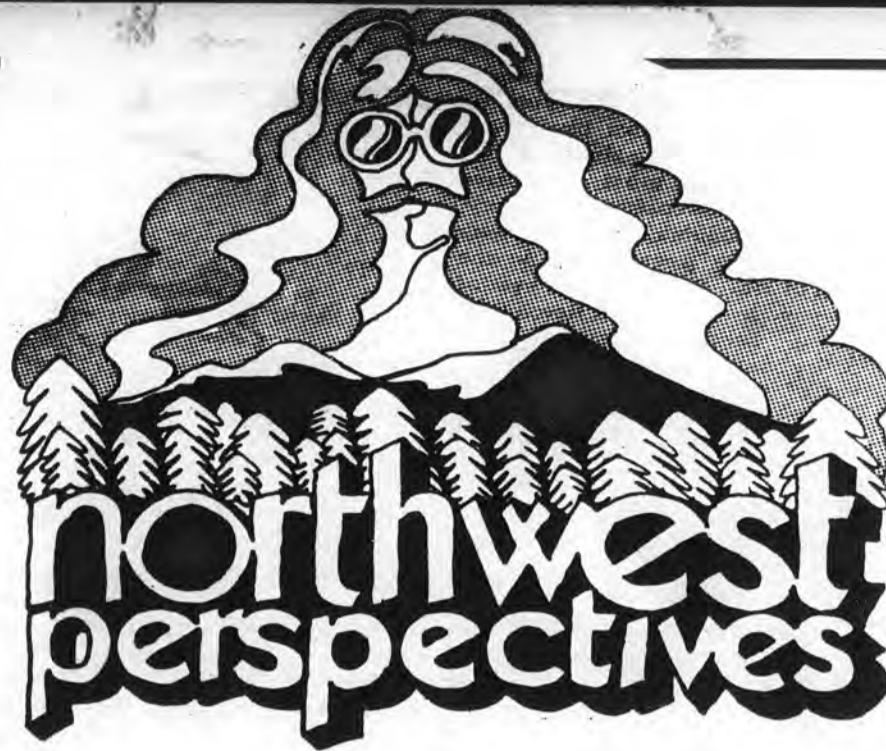
... having read your T.P. article a few things flashed through my head: --you rapped about external anal lesions and/or anal cancer.. Hey I had a lesion and then found that Dr. Bonners "castile soap" seemed to heal it. --which also brings to mind an Indian (anyway Eastern) hygiene trick they use to cleanse their digestive and lower tracts. If I'm not mistaken a lot of eastern people remove (literally remove) part of their bowels and clean the tube(s?) by hand .. like you do with the rest of your bod you know?! Would someone at the Passage or out in reader-land verify this? (or debunk it) --ah! perhaps we have more to learn from the toilet habits of the east. --also I feel strongly you missed making a very important point with the T.P. article: the toilet, the bathroom... they're part of an Amerikan institution. well .. they are an institution. Middle amerika is strung out on sterility and speed and weird toilet habits. They like to pretend the bathroom isn't really there; they like to get out as quick as possible, especially after an elimination. You know what I mean? Your article said feces under normal conditions would be firm and relatively dry thereby not even really requiring t.p.... and you explained at least the major reasons for smeared feces and messy movements was bad food and poor eating habits--namely eating too fast and not chewing sufficiently. So it's this speed trip, right? Eat fast, chew fast, and to compound the problem shit fast and use up a 1/2-roll of t.p.

Middle-amerika has its clean plastic cars, their paved suburban communities (no mud to hassle with), their wall to wall carpeted spotless homes, their glass-steel business offices, and their speed. The toilet is an unfortunate delay for middle-amerikans who seem obsessed with denying the obvious: that we really had better learn to co-habitate with our brothers the animals and the trees.

Ralph  
--Seattle

The PASSAGE has always been put out with the assumption that it was for and by its members, a continuing "coming together" of various opinions, talents, and personalities. One way you can participate in this effort is to write to us and tell us what you think about the things we print: what you like, don't like, know, want, dream, and like to eat. We really encourage letters to the editor and shall make a forthright effort to print as many as we have space for.





## STAFF

Northwest Passage — the fortnightly journal of ecology, politics, the arts, and good healthy livin' — is published in Bellingham, Washington, with offices at 1000 Harris Avenue. Call 734-9881, or 734-1531; if no luck there, try the Kulshan. Advertising and business number, 734-1755.

Those members of the community who help put out the Passage are:

Cadillac  
Bob Hicks  
David Wolf  
Christina Kowalczewski  
Bernard Weiner  
David Donovan  
Roxanne Park  
Patrushka McKinnon  
Kay Lee  
Ruth Felver  
Jan Van Wyk  
M.T.D. Angel  
Jim Van Dusen  
Steve Friedman  
Ann Nugent  
Buck Meloy  
Kaffy Smith

Cheryl Forsyth  
Laura Hultgren  
Melissa Queen  
Jeff Fine  
Ed & Sally  
Jerry Burns  
Candice Close  
Steve Overstreet  
Jim McConnell  
Larry Oliverson  
Frank Kathman  
Mary K. Becker  
Bob & Jeanne Ray  
Ed Monk  
Stafford Smith  
Janice Soderberg  
Jeff Margolis

Ryan Drum  
Steve Kowalczewski  
Bill & C.T. Servais  
J. Pruned  
Nely Gillette  
Dan Villiott  
Hank Cunningham  
Paul Dietz  
Melanie Svedburg  
Terry Beuche  
Allen Gibbs  
Lee and Marcie Greff  
John Woolley  
Emily Bronte  
Donni Kennedy  
Rod Del Pozo  
Cindy Green

We always welcome new people who want to help out — with reporting, writing, editing, layout, selling ads, doing circulation and distribution work, or whatever. Staff meetings are held Tuesday evenings at 7:30 at the office, and are open to all. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return.

Cover Photo by Jim McConnell

Northwest Passage Vol. 4, No. 10

Published every other Monday, 26 times each year. Offices located at 1000 Harris St., Bellingham, Wash. 98225. Frank Kathman, publisher.

Price 25 cents per copy, \$6.00 per year (\$8.50 outside U.S.A., Canada, Mexico). Application to mail at second class postage rates pending at Bellingham, Washington. Postmaster: Please send form 3579 to P.O. Box 105, South Bellingham Station, Bellingham, Wash. 98225

## EDITORIAL

You can bet your life (perhaps literally) that an oil industry which has already spent more than two billion dollars on Alaskan oil development — and which has just drilled into another huge find on the North Slope — is not going to let a few "nutty conservationists" stand between them and power and profit.

ARCO is nearly finished with construction of its Cherry Point refinery, the U. S. Coast Guard is rushing deployment of \$77,500 worth of buoys and markers specially designed for oil tanker traffic in Puget Sound, the Native Alaskan claims settlement (which, in effect, would pay off the natives to keep quiet while the oil companies drain their homeland of energy, scenery, fish and animal sustenance) is being pushed through Congress, Canada is gearing up its promotional machinery to lure the oil companies onto Canadian soil via its own pipeline, Gov. Egan of Alaska is caught trying to arrange a surprise Seward - to - Grays Harbor route for the supertankers, etc.

As a result of recent pressures, and the Washington - Anchorage hearings described inside, the oil industry has been bruised badly, as has the federal government whose complicity with the oil companies' demands is embarrassingly evident. But after a strategic retreat — and perhaps Interior Secretary Morton's statement postponing the pipeline decision is the first smokescreen — the political and economic screws will be tightened on the politicians and businessmen who will really make the final decision. That's why, as the Passage's Cato urges in his story, it is vital at this stage to keep the pressure up, especially by contacting Senators Magnuson and Jackson, who chair key committees in this fight.

One report has it that the oil companies may soon announce indefinite postponement of their Alaska plans on "economic" grounds; the conservationists, they will say, have slowed them up so long, and have proposed alternative schemes too costly to implement, that they must pull out of any immediate North Slope development and shipment. Gas prices will rise, they will say, our "national security" will be jeopardized, our balance of payments upset — and all because of those trouble-making ecology freaks. (Recent hysterically angry editorials in the Bellingham and Seattle dailies may be the prelude to this rationalization.) Or, as another rumor has it, if all else fails the oil companies may just count on Nixon declaring a "national emergency" which requires the immediate exploitation and shipment of North Slope oil.

—j.p.

In between the screams of oil and Laos and the long words that lose themselves and us, we are left to figure out what the whole thing means. There are so many words, so very many words; and so little to grab onto and believe in. Some people manage to tunnel themselves into "glow-worm" track so they do not have to listen to the gnawing questions. Others are paralyzed, unable to experience anything except diffusion. Finding a focus; one that enables one to "believe it's real" as Ed Jacobs says, is the essential quest.

In this issue we wanted to cover at least one focus some people have found meaningful — the communal life style. Communes have provided some people with the personal relationships and quality of life experience that enable them feel "together", "fulfilled", "satisfied"; choose your own adjective.

But what we have ended up dealing with is much broader than communes per se, because communes are not here in a vacuum. They are a reaction to people's perception of the way this country is and the way they are attempting to adjust to that experience. Richard Prior and Melissa Queen's letters helped us to realize that "generality". And some of us are more hopeful than we have been in a long time.

R.P.





photo: Ron Glasett

# Communal Living

Magic country home  
 where we grew out of city blues all summer long—  
 into magic family, the four of us,  
 three grown-up children and jr.  
 playing in the water,  
 lying in the sun and tripping around our farm,  
 cooking dinner, and watching out the window  
 the rainbow by the barn, or listening to CSN & Y,  
 or with Lisa watching the black clouds move across  
 the lake towards us like a huge eagle or galloping horse,  
 with our friends on the logs, watching the full moon rise  
 over the mountain like a large, yellow spirit  
 or two of us coming home from Lake Chelan  
 to find our names written all over the shed  
 and the four of us hugging each other  
 or making jam and canning fruit  
 we picked from our land —

once in a while— flying in to town, to the Kulshan,  
 to get good and country drunk.

or listening to the lake in the dark,  
 by ourselves listening to ourselves  
 and the soundless, country night,  
 or floating free down the Nooksack River—  
 having our fairy fruit farm festival cookout  
 on the beach, and running out of the rain,  
 in the middle of the night, to the barn,

or jr. and I exploring the abandoned house down  
 the road for firewood and treasures, and seeing the  
 five deer in the dark, running down to the lake to drink,  
 just sitting on the floor around the table when it rained,  
 or any of the laughs and smiles  
 and many adventures all summer long  
 that wove sunshine deep into our skin  
 and wove magic deep into our hearts  
 and wove love between us  
 and wove us into country people  
 and a family.

Now, in February,  
 watching the full moon  
 pass slowly across the winter sky  
 by myself,  
 the magic of last summer  
 spreads out to keep me warm.

Thank-you mountains & earth & lake & sky  
 & sun & moon & Kathy & jr. & Carolyn  
 for keeping me alive.

peter 2-10-71



# Communes in Love

by Leonard Minsky

One warm sunny day towards the end of August last year, a beaten red Valiant with New York State plates plunged down the driveway of my rented (\$200 per) hobby farm. Two hairy types unzipped the doors and sidled towards me. I recognized the smaller of the two as a former student of mine at SFU, a stalwart Charles Olsen pusher and radic-lib type; the taller one was dark with Jesus hair and beard and magnetic eyes, a later version of a double-breasted suit. I had taught at Buffalo yea these many years ago. They were the advance guard of a larger group of emigrant students from Buffalo foraging in Canada for a good place to do a commune. They had heard, they said, that I owned a piece of land in the Fraser Valley and what about it? I greeted them with open arms and tears in my eyes. They were from down home - they were hairy - their eyes were luminous seeing American Visions - they were feelers of literary feelings - they were delicate of perception and large of gesture. I loved them. I told them that since I'd been fired from SFU I was considering going to live in the narrow little farmhouse on my land, but they were welcome to join me if they were prepared to build shelter and provide themselves with the necessities such as water and sewage. I wanted company in exile.

We talked. They said "Ecology," "Land," "Love." They said "Fuck American politics," and "Screw Literary Criticism." They wanted to get into the country far away from Plastic Civilization. I agreed enthusiastically. I asked again whether they would like to come live with me and be my love... I argued that we could all the pleasures prove etc. etc. They hardened visibly giving me the suspicious gimlet eye. They Sam Spaded me. They were evasive. They said they were rich, had \$5000 of the fertile green, would have to discuss it with the other twenty or so communards and anyhow were thinking of going to



Photo by Buck Meloy

the far far north where land was \$5 an acre and they hula hooped all day long.

We went out to the place later the same day. I said they could stay while they tried to find a better place. I said they could stay the summer and winter, learn a bit about farming, save their bread and then split. I said that \$5000 wasn't enough to feed thirty or more people summer and winter and to buy land with besides. But they looked at me as though I had ketchup on my shirt and bugs in my hair. They thought I'd got cabin fever shut up in the Far West too long away from civilization. They kind-eyed me and heroically hid their pity. They offered me joints, some psilocybin, a tab of acid to settle my stomach. I gave up and they settled in temporarily behind my barn.

Some days later their scouts came galloping into

camp to announce a find. A retired major in the British army had some land up near unspoiled Cultus Lake, was building a stockaded fort to keep out the Commies when finally they decided to invade B.C., and would dig to have them help plant a trailer camp where only trees and grass wastefully grew. Triumphant cries of "far out" and "outta sight" rang in the afternoon air and pulling up their teepees and socks they rushed off to the University of Tahiti at Cultus Lake. As soon as the major got a look at their teepees he began to contemplate a motel of wigwams for middle class folk who wanted to get a feel for the land, got the brand name and wrote off instantly for the distributorship in Canada.

Time passed and it was now definite that I would move into the farmhouse. I began nerving myself for the move. I hate moving. Two weeks and I began to feel feelers from Cultus Lake. A small hardy band descended from the Lake to explore the lowlands once again. I showed them a clearing under some huge old cedars and maples that the rip-off B.C. loggers had inexplicably missed. They dug it as a place for a kitchen and denounced me for not showing them the place right off. They said that the major's trip was a bit heavy - up with reveille in the morning, packing a pistol to the privy and sleeping with a blunderbuss at nite when he wasn't voyeuering around the teepees etc. They figured mine was a better place.

I said it was cool, and they came and settled in.

Now the fun began. They had been picking up drifters and grifters and cyclists of all descriptions as they crossed the U.S. and Canada. They uttered the word Democratic, the word EN-Mass. They were anarchists and lovers - the American avant-garde - and anyone and everyone would find rest in their bosoms. There was Alfie and Fred and Rick, the last two tattooed, scarred and brawny armed - the first a zany New York Jewish compulsive shoplifter and dope fiend par excellence. Alfie rushed into the small town of Fort Langley and began ripping off the local shopkeepers as fast as he could wiggle his beringed fingers. Fred, an ex-steel-worker, who couldn't make out the gypsy crew, sulked in his super red van with his girlfriend, while his brothers and sisters were left to care for her five kids. It was cold, so Fred ran the van day and night to keep warm while the commune footed his gas bill without demur. (The five kids slept outside, however.) Rick contented himself with ripping off his "brothers and sisters." And there was Bill L. who was twenty-seven and looked seventy-seven. He'd sold his health food shop in Buffalo and moved out to Vancouver to start a new shop on \$2000 but, choosing to stay in a hotel at \$20 a day, he soon blew his capital. Hearing that a crew of Buffalo comrades were on their way, he camped on the doorstep of the one B.C.-born member of the troupe until they arrived. Bill's forte was building everything wrong. His stovepipes turned Rube Goldberg in his grave going up down and all around before they found haphazard exit in wall or ceiling. Cleaning out a shed for me, he included my shirt and watch and dropped an anvil on both. He didn't feed his pregnant cat and when she leapt through our kitchen door landing splat in the middle of our breakfast lunch or supper he said he admired her enterprise. He said he was teaching her how to hunt.

Alfie's sorties into town began to get the group uptight but nobody said anything. They were against one dimensionality and rejected the authoritarian mode. This meant nobody could be told to cut out actions threatening to the group as a whole. Meetings on any subject tended to develop into marathon therapy actions dissolving all antipathies and tensions and solving nothing. Nevertheless, Alfie had to be dealt with and there were signs this was going to happen when events intervened.



Photo by Buck Meloy

Alfie and Bill Z. went into town to buy a chainsaw and some dope. Bill's pockets were stuffed with about \$3000 in cash because the group didn't trust banks. A "friend" they'd met the day before on Fourth ave. led them to the stuff smack in the middle of a police stake-out. Bill was charged with trafficking but was convicted of possession only and got four months. Alfie bugged off to N.Y.C.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the group was growing. Every transient, every hitch-hiker, anyone on the road was invited to loaf at their ease on the land. I began to come home to strangers flung across lawns and fields like dead homeric heroes, smoke drifting idly around their bodies as if they were freshly fallen in battle. The local cop-shop seemed to have been set up on the Trail just at our front door. Blue Chevies kept sliding by each stuffed with six guys busily scribbling notes. I was suspicious. I felt they were up to no good and mildly told the commune that it might be advisable to put their house (unbuilt as yet) in order. Crisis. Marathon. Everything unresolved and nobody told to leave. But fifteen or so got the message and split and no more transients were allowed in.

Winter was now close and the people began freezing. One dome was half-built but couldn't be made leakproof. The commune began melting at the edges. People would leave without saying goodbye, carrying away everything they could, including communal property. While there was frenzied activity it all seemed at the same time to be in slow motion. The money was fast disappearing and as it did so did more of the dedicated hard-bitten communards. While the commune's goats attacked peoples' gardens, the commune's dogs attacked local kids. My wife's nails were bitten to the knuckles and I walked around as though Solomon's wives were my sole responsibility. In November, the survivors decided they were no longer a commune and it was all over, neither with a bang nor a whimper.

Through all this the people stayed beautiful. They were still reckless, warm, and visionary. Individual relationships deepened. Wisdom abounded. But, mysteriously, none of it accrued to the group as such. To the very end communal meetings remained a bust. Nobody would 'fess up in meetings to the gripes they'd planned so liberally before each meeting. Resolutions made couldn't be enforced on members indifferent to them. And somehow the Dream never came proximate to reality.

Naturally much has been left out. My own role as Heavy Landlord, for example. I hope to do this story more fully and in greater detail one day, and hopefully, sometime between then and now, someone will be able to explain to me what, if anything, went wrong.

Leonard Minsky is a former SFU professor who is currently a social worker in B.C.



# the Communal Alternative

by david clarke

Photo by Buck Meloy

Last September in my NWP article "Building the Alternative Structure", I reviewed two books — Ald's *The Youth Communes*, and Hedgefeth's *The Alternative*. A number of themes emerged.

1 — Finding western industrial society humanly unsatisfying, people are escaping from it into semi-agrarian communities which then do their best to be invisible.

2 — These communities are facilitating the emergence of a "new style of consciousness" which is more in tune with basic human nature than the style of consciousness engendered and required by an urban industrial culture. Once acquired, this new perspective makes it even harder to return to the city.

3 — The urban industrial culture is ruining the environment, and in the long run survival is not possible unless most of us embrace a frugal, semi-agrarian lifestyle which is highly sensitive to environmental needs.

With such ideas in mind I had produced an outline draft for an "Infield College", a preliminary version of which appeared in the *Earth Week 1970* issue of NWP. This was to be an exploratory semi-rural community organized as a satellite college of WWSC. Its aim was to develop an environmentally responsible lifestyle, to get the bugs out of commune living, and to train people in the social and technical skills needed to launch and run such communities. At first official reaction to the idea was mixed and not encouraging, but in recent months the economic crisis has destroyed any hope it may have had of acceptance.

Meanwhile I have grown less keen on the idea, for a number of reasons:

1 — The environmental crisis is real and if present trends continue unchanged, it will worsen into a catastrophe in thirty or forty years. Granted this time scale, the incubation of new lifestyles in communes, and their maturing to a point at which they could transform the dominant culture, is a process too slow to be useful.

2 — The development of a commune-type "counter-culture" in opposition to the dominant culture dichotomizes our society harmfully and makes the needed transformation harder to bring about.

3 — The task facing us is not to escape from the urban culture, but to transform it. While this is beginning to happen, the risk is that the changes will be too little and too late.

4 — We are still ignorant in many areas where we need knowledge. Consequently, we cannot perceive with certainty the opportunities and dangers confronting us. What is the limit of the Earth's biosphere to support the activities of man? May we, or may we not, assume a virtually limitless supply of energy from nuclear fusion? The survival needs of man are fairly well known, but what are the growth needs of man? What kind of society do we need? What should we be doing?

The only certain thing which emerges is that life a decade or two hence will be very different from what it is. We may not assume that the future will be like the present different from what it is now. We may not assume that the future will be like the present only more so.

One of the things we can do now is to prepare ourselves for change by removing those rigidities in



ourselves which prevent change. I want to stick my neck out by suggesting that we work at the task of becoming more rational. Questions like "What are the growth needs of man? What kind of society do we need?" must be answered rationally, and may have to be answered quickly.

## Trend Towards Rationality

Rationality is not easy to define. In the simple sense, if I have a goal, then rational behavior is behavior that will get me to the goal with a maximum of ease and economy. The harder meaning of rationality concerns our goals themselves, and if we speak of some goals as rational and others as irrational, we are implying a philosophy of man which is itself a value system. This takes us into the realm of ethics and beyond the limits within which experience can help us. But a great deal of ground can be cleared before we get that far in.

The biggest single cause of irrationality in the sense of pursuing irrational goals is to be found in the attempts we make to protect ourselves from the physical and emotional pains we carry as legacies of the injuries we suffered as we grew. Examples of this are the millionaire urgently pursuing his second million to protect himself against the pain of starvation when he was a kid in the depression; or the militant hawk defending himself against the humiliation of being beaten and bullied when he was five. These goals are elusive, the desires to attain them are insatiable, and the activities involved are ritualistic. It is the activity of making money which is important, not the money made, and it is important

because it anesthetizes a chronic pain. The activity does not meet any positive human need, or bring about any real satisfaction. Yet whole cultural institutions and rituals grow up around widespread human needs to avoid pain, and they are rigid because people have an understandably strong vested interest in keeping pains anesthetized. Even so, the rational course is not to anesthetize the pain, but to remove it at its source.

Ever since Freud, western culture has been struggling toward this kind of rationality, and in recent years many new techniques have developed to help us shed our pains and improve the rationality and flexibility of the goals we pursue: sensitivity training, Synanon techniques, group marathons, drug therapies, etc. As more and more people experience them, so belief in the possibility of liberation from the old life of stress and rigidity spreads.

At the same time more and more of our environmentally harmful social habits — overproducing, overconsuming, addiction to money-making, ideologies, status, power, violence, sex, war — come to be seen as the socially structured ways of masking pains which they mostly are.

This trend toward rationality is taking place at all levels in society, both within and outside "the establishment." It is producing a convergence of interest among the groups involved, and generating lines of cleavage in society which bear no relation to traditional political and economic divisions. It is preparing us for the enormous changes in our lifestyles which will face us in the next decade or two.

Emerging from all this therapeutic effort is a new image of the normal man or woman, who is seen as being "by nature" zestful, loving, cooperative, happy, and spontaneously sensitive and nurturant towards the supporting environment. Envy, jealousy, hostility, destructiveness, and other such negativemotional postures become seen as deviations from the norm. Social institutions permitting their indulgence appear tragically superfluous, perpetuating human characteristics that should be eradicated.

This trend towards emotional rationality needs to be greatly speeded up, and we can all make our contribution. In a later article, I shall summarize in some detail a very promising technique which developed in Seattle and is gaining popularity in Bellingham.



# Morningtown

"We're Just Lucky"

by david wolf

The doors were officially opened for business on April 1, 1969. Since then, the six or eight people who started it all have gone their separate ways, in pursuit of different interests. But the "shop" continues to thrive, in spite of the constant coming and going of the people involved. In fact, that is probably why Morningtown has survived so much longer than most communal enterprises.

Morningtown continues to operate, and very successfully, in an atmosphere almost completely void of the rules and schedules, the order and structure that is tantamount to the longevity of any "normal" business.

We recently visited Morningtown in hopes of finding out its "secret," the reason behind the success it enjoys. But instead we found the people involved were at a loss to firmly explain the reasons. Perhaps it is the gentle air, the hassle-free atmosphere that seems to be built into every idea; every principle. But the fact remains that Morningtown somehow rids itself of restrictions, roadblocks, and hesitation.

"We've had our share of conservatives and crazies" we were told. Some Morningtown people have left to get into plastics research, or Geodisic Dome building. Others are interested in pottery, some in gardening, and some like to construct sleeping bags.

There are now between 10 and 20 people working together and living together at any one of four different houses, three in urban Seattle, and a farm near Maltby. There is a lot of work involved in serving 500 to 600 pizzas a week, not to mention the submarine sandwiches, the salads, the apple cider etc. But the work always gets done. People sign up to work when they want to work, during any one of the three shifts per day. They enjoy using a barter or trade arrangement when possible and currently do so with groups like the University District Center, the Soup and Salad Restaurant and, yes, even the Passage.

Why people become involved with Morningtown, working and living together is pretty obvious. Some say it's because lots of their friends gather there to eat, or rap, or whatever. Others dig it because they meet a broad spectrum of people everyday, and often wind up at a corner table rapping with them. "You can get anything you want, if you know how to get

it" was one simple explanation. "There are no Movement Heavies here, although we all were at one time" was another. But the remark that shifted it all into focus was "Here you have permission to be what you are, and that's worth a lot."

No body is getting rich. And no one is suffering. Everyone seems to smile and help and work for each other. The Monday night meetings are primarily for business, but again there are no fast rules and person to person problems are often resolved then.

There is no one primary focus at Morningtown, at least not in the predominate way we often see elsewhere. Unless it is to be happy, to find the freedom and peace with oneself that makes it all worthwhile. "We pretend that trouble doesn't exist" said Tina, "we ignore insurance and group health and all that." Which may be why a U.W. Political Science class came to visit/study them a while ago. The Morningtown people were told they believed in the fantasy of Aristotilian Principles. "I guess so," said Tina, "We're really lucky".



Photos by Dave Wolf



by christina kowalczewski

The article on Ice cream in the last Passage was about one example of the problems that arise from poor labeling laws. Most people want to know what they are getting when they buy a product and just how far they can trust the list of ingredients on the label. It would be impossible to test every food and so we are forced to depend upon the regulatory practices of the Food and Drug Administration. But, as we shall see, the FDA laws are inadequate and rarely enforced anyway.

Section 401 of the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act reads: "Whenever in the judgement of the secretary such actions will promote honesty and fair dealing in the interest of consumers, he shall promulgate regulations fixing and establishing for any food, under its common or usual name so far as practicable, a reasonable definition and standard of identity..." What this comes down to is that 3 categories of food ingredients have been established. All those ingredients which are expected to be in a particular food—such as flour and yeast in bread—need not be listed on the label.

The second category, of optional ingredients, has to be listed. However, manufacturers can get around this by calling these optional items "permissible ingredients" which belong to the third category and do not have to be listed. The food standard includes 223 permissible ingredients.

Further confusion can arise over the fact that some items have to be labeled in some foods but not in others. Emulsifying agents, for example, must be labeled in pasteurized process cheddar cheese but need not be labeled in a different product called pasteurized processed cheese.

Another way that a manufacturer can avoid having to label an item is to create a new category for his product.

Non-alcoholic beverages must meet standard requirements. Stokely Van Camp, makers of Gatorade, got around these requirements by calling their product a "thirst-quencher". This means that they could make their own standards and decide for themselves what ingredients should be listed on the label.

It should be obvious by now that the FDA has very little control over what goes on labels. We are therefore dependent on the honesty of the manufacturer. PROBABLY most industries are honest in their list of ingredients but we have no way of knowing which ones those are when looking at the label.

Now we come to the question of what we can do about it. The most

obvious answer is to make everything ourselves, from scratch. That's fine for those who have the time and inclination to spend all day in the kitchen—most of us don't.

Another solution might be to become aware of which products we can trust. Even if you know of only one such product, if you share that knowledge with others, you would soon have a fairly complete list. (If you send them to me I'll publish them so that everyone can benefit.) At the same time, we could be boycotting products with misleading labeling. Perhaps this would help the manufacturers see that honesty pays off.

A third answer is in more of a political line. Write letters to the FDA saying that we want more stringent food standards. Support legislation and legislators that are for food reforms. Become a member of EARTH FOOD CENTER, a non-profit organization with plans for improving the American food supply. (Address: Food and Earth Services, Inc., c/o 1157 21st N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036) Also read Earth Foods 1, for consumers by Dick Simmons and Lee Fryer. The food industry is not going to become honest by itself—we must help them.



# A Visit to the Kelly Road House

To Be Sincere Is To Remember That I Am I,  
And That The Other Man Is Not Me.  
-- D. H. Lawrence

by John Woolley

For one who has never visited an established commune, my first exposure was a profound and enlightening experience. Though I had readied myself with what I hoped was an open mind and heart, I had still not suspected the intensity of spirit that I found at the Kelly Road commune in Whatcom County. My visit provided me with at least a basis for an in-depth appreciation of what a communal spirit can mean.

The people at Kelly Road live together, though under a combination of roofs. We first visited a tepee-shaped wood house which the residents built last year while living in tents. Comfortable as well as interesting, the interior is partially paneled in cedar with warm, clean rugs on the floor and smoothly-covered beds making a long couch along the wall; it all blends into a neat and homey environment. Nearby, a rectangular house--also of wood--is nearing completion. Both units fit snugly among the trees on the 20-acre plot, providing accommodation for five adults and two children.

## "WELCOME"

A little farther along Kelly Road, just before the end, we passed a "Welcome" sign--a pleasant surprise compared to the "no trespassing, keep off" notices that are so often seen on such dead end roads. A half-dozen small cabins--comfortable, simple, unique--surround a good-sized wooden house which is the gathering point for much of the goings on. Our first visit centered in the kitchen here while folks drifted in for breakfast and talk. It did not take long to get beyond those first moments of strange faces and blank expressions. In response to our question, "What's it all about?", a discussion began about the spiritual essence of the group which continued on into the afternoon back at the other house. It was heavy talk that first visit, but such is not all that goes on, for a return visit on a clearer day was spent roaming around the grounds and renewing acquaintances: talking to commune members as they dug the garden and worked on other



Photo by Golly

projects. Fields and pastureland occupy a good portion of the 120 acres here, though much of it is till second-growth forest extending up the mountain to the south. The land, slightly elevated, provides a pleasant view of the Nooksack Valley. Last summer a triple wedding took place in the large meadow in front of the house.

Though a large garden is being prepared for this season, current sustenance is derived primarily from the foodstamp program. "Whatever happens" marks the prevailing attitude--to let the river of life flow, accepting what comes.

## DYING TO SELF

Having limited perspective I am hesitant to rap on as to what a thriving commune could or should be. From my single experience I only know that the Kelly Road commune appears a commune in the truest sense. It is a spiritual

community, an intimate sharing and living of a common approach to life, and this common spirit is represented by the teachings of Jesus Christ. One might imagine the early Christians living in a similar manner--gathered in groups in relatively remote places, presenting a united spiritual front to a barbarian-dominated world, engaging in constant self-criticism, confronting comrades with their own failings, pulling out egos like stubborn stumps--always testing and applying their beliefs. "Dying to self" is a serious matter.

It would be an oversimplification to call these people "Jesus freaks". Applying such a term to anyone displays a perspective too shallow for the serious observer, and distracts from an in-depth appreciation of what Christian ideals can mean to a group of people. For too long Christian dogma as declared by various churches has clouded our vision of Christianity's essence. The Kelly Road group aspires to the higher levels of consciousness without formalized structure. "We have no rules," they say. So they live in freedom, but through a spontaneous sort of discipline things get done--the house is clean, the wood is chopped, the food is cooked.

The Christian quest for fulfillment of self, reaching the "higher self"--this is the essential quest for many people both in and out of organized doctrine. The question is, how to express the message; it has always been important to man to have names for beliefs, words in common to express his aspirations. It is the ability to feel the community of spirit through the use of Christian terminology that gives Kelly Road its strength of purpose. These people are experiencing their religion.

The rural lifestyle itself is not a matter of principle. "It's just what's happening," they told us. The property was available for as many as chose to live there, and being an attractive place, quite a few people had taken up residence by last year before the commune itself was organized around the spiritual idea. "This was just a hippie freak-out drug scene up to last summer," said one member as others nodded agreement. Many personalities came and went; nothing stuck together until the idea of a central spiritual purpose was introduced. Then, this common bond gave strength to those who were inclined to such a community. Those who were not so inclined got "blown out." Since then, others have joined; one girl was "moved", as she said, to come all the way from Ontario.

Many of the group now living here are from the Los Angeles area. They have "found it" here, and though there is little thought given to leaving (planning anything ahead is thought unnecessary), heads nod when someone says that the strength they have found here will remain even if the time should come to move on, even if they should end up back in the city again. Many of the members (by and large it's an age group) stay in touch with their families, some of whom have visited and been impressed with the strength that is blooming at Kelly Road.

## WORLD COMMUNE

"The whole world is a commune; the people of the earth just haven't realized it yet," one member said.

Life is a continual awakening, a renaissance, an awareness of the newness of every day's perspective, and how that fresh outlook can alter yesterday's actions to give more meaningful direction to today. The Kelly Road commune believes that this strength must come from the Lord in yourself, as exemplified by the teachings and actions of Christ. Their message is a sincere one, genuine in purpose and intent; a people doing what they think is best for mankind by reaching for the higher self within and striving to set an example.

A common criticism of communes is their lack of response to social problems--their inactivism. But activism can only be a matter for personal interpretation. The drive within ourselves to stimulate social change may be expressed in different ways, but it is still the spirit within us seeking self-fulfillment. The Kelly Road people are doing what they think is



Photo By Golly

best--"You can't do anything for anyone else except by realizing yourself and the Lord within you." Though they haven't entered into the environmental movement--"that's just another trip, man"--by nature of their spiritual values they are inclined to a simple life style that certainly demands no more of the environment than what I and many other ecologically-oriented people demand.

## NO FEAR OF DEATH

True to the Christian ideal, they believe the fear of death must be overcome in the development of spiritual strength, in order to reach that level of objectivity that is in essence supra-human. And just as personal death is put in such perspective, so is the fate of the world; an apocalypse is expected by the Kelly Road people in the near future. "Such a catastrophic event is inevitable, it is ordained." But then again, thinking a lot about the future or past is considered to be a hangup. It tends to retard the flow.

For any human who wants to rise above his human limitations, group recognition of the high aspirations provides support and reinforcement. Criticism within the group works at the same time to assure humility in the individual. Holding such a common bond is one way that allows the gods in us to come forth. If you are open to a heavy discussion on a personal metaphysical approach to live, and can be sincere, in Lawrence's sense, you are apt to find stimulation at Kelly Road.

John Woolley is a former transportation consultant presently concerned with wilderness.





## Getting in Shape for the Revolution

### ANDA 1, ANDA 2, ANDA 3...

Many of us, in our headlong rush to be the first family on the nearest (or farthest) homestead (or otherwise) quadrant of fair mother earth, have failed to reckon with certain basic "facts of life" regarding the natural way. In so doing, the less cautious in our escapist ranks fail to adequately prepare themselves for the rigors of an outdoor existence. Is it not sad to witness the catastrophic results of many erstwhile communes founded on nothing more than a whim and a prayer? Indeed it is sad, truly as sad as the state of affairs which precipitates these frantic exoduses from our malodorous and noxious urban target zones. My fellow agronomists, woodsmen, herders, the bombs are coming as surely as the new dawn, but let us pay heed to those in the know before we disembark on the wings of eternity, let us glean skill and wisdom and the knowhow before we commit our souls to fate. I do not pretend to be this oracle of truth, but I hope to serve as the pointing digit whereby the founts to quench your latent thirsts are unearthed.

Is there a one among us who does not know—at least from readings in magazines of the **NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC**, **AUDUBON**, and **NATURAL HISTORY** genre—of the variety of climes and geographic zones on this planet, as well the concomitant inclement extremes of weather and the brutal predatory nature of certain local species of wildlife? Simple houseflies and roaches drive many of us to distraction. In light of this, it would be foolhardy to presume that the mosquitoes of a dank and humid jungle or forest should retreat at our well-intentioned intrusions. Face it, your blood is their next meal. Snakes strike back, bears

claw like a meat grinder, raccoons can make a shambles of a camp—all is possible but when we are prepared and have taken precautions, the menace becomes somewhat lessened. Public libraries and several books available through the Whole Earth Catalogue will verse the novice in areas of need.

Most of us on the way out have access to property or information leading to the acquisition thereof. But many are those who attack the wilds with nothing more than the clothes on their backs. We would be self-defeating to eschew "capital-istic" employment in the pursuit of survival equipment as treasonous to the cause. This statement may in itself seem sacrilegious, but there will come a time before the leaving when the trappings of liberty within the structured format of society as we know it must be doffed. This is to say, one's hair and street garb must be altered to suit certain straight employers, inexpensive obsequies to the money-lords in the quest of learning and the wherewithal for escape. Jobs in construction, plumbing, masonry, electronics, roofing, and the interior decoration crafts are scarce these days as it is. Employers are loath to give any type of break to the visibly liberal applicant. So, to train ourselves, we must sacrifice, play their game for awhile and save that capital, learn to build a house while paying off the farm, fit pipes while cash turns into tools and seeds and books and raw construction materials, dabble in the brick and mortar while the "JOE" boss pays for your backpack, boots, and down-filled sleeping bag. It's all a way, a means, to an end. What surer way have we? Lest we forget, the items dealt with here are material externals and of little relevance to the Soul unless we foolishly allow a material

takeover. The cash is expendable, the goods gained in trade are merely insurance and, in time, equally expendable, and the hair and individual costume return like birds on the wind. Harrison's "all things must pass."

Concluding the list of preparatory precautions necessary for the self-preservation of the freed individual is an item which we might consider as part of the freeing process too. Conditioning. Without it, traversing hill and dale becomes akin to crucifixion, falling trees attains Herculean proportions, and plowing a field brings on deep feelings of an equine nature—assinine. Several pursuits which I have found beneficial to me in increasing familiarity with nature and at the same time improving my physical shape are as follows here.

Running. An excellent all-around conditioner and a fast way to take in the scenery. Fill your pockets with a couple stones, avoid filling your head with such, grab a couple rocks in each hand and start out slowly. If this is an unfamiliar activity, don't be discouraged by initial soreness and feelings of impending death to the lungs. Give yourself a couple weeks of DAILY work, no matter how little, to work into a reasonable facsimile of fitness. Try to push yourself to a limit. As the jocks say, "Make it hurt." Soon, the aesthetic pleasures will far outweigh any physical discomforts. Zen induced states of mental relaxation can aid immeasurably.

Calisthenics. Following a daily, indoor regimen of exercises employing body weight alone will occupy the days when the rain has muddied your favorite footpaths. Do pushups (AMAP—As Many As Possible) with feet raised on a chair. Then situps, hands behind head and feet held under

the couch or whatever, AMAP. Follow with squats, start out on two legs for AMAP; then, in time, graduate to one leg at a time, holding on to a chair for balance. Good for hill climbers. Leg raises AMAP, arm circles (arms straight out to sides, fists clenched, move in small and/or large circles AMAP until shoulders tire), toe touching, wrestler's bridge, and prone hyperextensions (lie on the floor, hands behind head, then bend backwards from the floor AMAP—excellent for the back), all are good additional exercises. These will make other spare time funs moreso: certain commendable other pastimes include hill and mountain climbing, backwoods hiking for extended periods, fishing, skin and scuba diving, bicycling, and canoe paddling. Nuff said.

Should my admonitions fall on deaf ears, let me make one final cautioning allegory. If we go unprepared back to the earth, we will sit helpless and bear the brunt of nature's fury like the compounded aluminum can, so estranged from its elemental origins as to be nearly irretrievable by the earth. Alas, the major difference between the can and us is that we are easily biodegradable. Worms know not of age. Hence, we should now begin to atomize our plasticized musculature, rediscover the humus beginnings of the physiology we seem to have come to accept as an entity completely removed from the soil, realize that a return is mandatory and possible but only when the lovers are on the same, basic truth level. Accomplished, our bodies will sing in equality with the majestic conifer and the lowly gnat.

by stuart watson



# EVERYBODY'S → STORE ←

VAN ZANDT - 1 1/2 MI. S. of 542 on Hwy. 9

Raw Milk Cheeses	
Organic Rice	29¢/lb.
Wheat	20¢/lb.
wheat flour	22¢/lb.
millet	31¢/lb.
corn meal	29¢/lb.
wheat germ	35¢/2lbs.

Gasoline 33.9¢/gal.

Something you like is always in stock.

... We Really Give you More Food Value  
For your Money!



## BRITCHES

JEANS, DRESS FLARES & KNITS... ALL KINDS OF PANTS FOR MALE AND FEMALE.

**BOY SHIRTS**  
FAMOUS BRANDS & CUSTOM MADE SHIRTS BY SYLVIA

**BELTS**...  
both HAND-TOOLED AND FAMOUS BRANDS  
1 1/2" - 2" - 2 1/2" bold belts

718  
E. Holly  
at top of hill  
off Lakeway  
676-0506

## Total Loss Farm

by mary kay becker

How often have you heard it said around the counterculture--someone should write a book about how we live. **Total Loss Farm** is that kind of book. Utopian in a way--it's about a group of people trying to live the Good Life it's more appealing and convincing than classical utopias because it's a description, not a plan. **Total Loss Farm** does exist somewhere in Vermont, and Raymond Mungo--dropout not only from the society of his fathers but also from such Movement ventures as the Liberation News Service (which he helped to found)--is a real person that lives there.

The book, I repeat, is not a blueprint, and to read it as such would be to miss the essential point. "It's not on any chart, you must find it with your heart, Mary Martin said that." To live the Life it is not necessary to have an old farm miles from nowhere with peach trees and a pond. It's not necessary to live with magical friends named Silent and Moonbeam and Tall Foreigner and the Flying Zucchini. All that's really necessary is a certain elusive frame of mind; if you can cultivate this, forget about the eggplants. After reading the book I happened to visit the Christian commune at Kelly Road (see story in this issue) and was struck by some likenesses in attitude. Mungo borrows his style more from James Agee, Thoreau and Peter Pan than from the Bible, but there is a similar trust and lack of fear, a similar emphasis on honesty and striving to find the best in each person. Mungo is even less hung up on metaphysical dogma, and more sensitive to the harmonies of people with planet as well as people with people. Let him say it:

So the years go by, always in upheaval until we nearly think we understand what it is to die, and have lost our fear even of that. Beyond that we are free. Freedom has been the word all along; perhaps we secretly know that we will never get there, but it certainly is fun to play at getting closer. Freedom means you never feel bad about something you really have to do, you never do anything bad. We are asking for the sky, no? Not satisfied even with still having the earth, we demand the clouds and air as well--and water--and trees-- and dogs--and quivering mountains. We want the right to take them for granted. We demand space, outer and inner.

Less than half the book is actually devoted to the life of the Farm. The rest of the time Mungo and company are in a cone on the Merrimack, or sharing abalone with "first-class freaks" in Mendocino, or talking to a little old lady in Seattle about getting high. While driving through Texas, they celebrate New Year's Eve at the end of "the terrible '60's". Half an hour later, crossing into New Mexico, they are driving back into 1969 again, which momentarily throws them until they realize it's a chance to celebrate all over again. "Why stop at only two New Year's Eves in an hour's time," speculates Mungo. "Why not keep going, keep dying and being reincarnated all the Time?"

The Life is not without problems. Midway through the book as it moves from Fall to Winter to Warm (cross between Spring and Summer) is a short section called "ideath" describing a hollow period of ego conflicts and distrust. Nothing works. "We die." They huddle around the Ashley, crying, reaching, touching. Raymond the writer burns his papers and

correspondence, symbols of his arrogance. Peter and Michael challenge each other to wrestle, but Michael can't see so he cuts his hair. Everyone starts cutting hair! Clearing away the cobwebs. "But don't stop there, with the hair. Don't stop. It's always the Year One," says Raymond.

Whence the title of the farm? "It's called **Total Loss Farm** because it produces nothing visible to the mature eye--all the livestock, machinery, seeds and tools and not even one peach or can of maple syrup makes it as far as the market. And nobody who goes in there to stay has ever been seen alive again. **Total Loss Farm. Lose yourself.**

Lose yourself. A frightening idea to the heirs of individualism, and one that Mungo returns to again and again, stressing the primacy of the group. "We are indistinguishable from each other..." Recalling group gropes of *Brave New World*, a doubting part of my mind says, what are you, Raymond, some kind of fascist? Yet clearly this word does not apply, for at **Total Loss Farm** there is much or personality, and whimsy, and humor--things that don't go with fascism but rather some other kind of tribal unity that this language probably doesn't have a word for. I don't know how to analyze the difference in abstract terms, but Mungo does a pretty good job of showing it in a particular case. Of all the calls that have gone out for a return to a more primitive, group-oriented, earth-loving state of mind, this book is one that most sensitively shows what that could be like in our particular place and time.

### utopian novels

Sometimes people think of communes as a whole new movement, forgetting that people have been dreaming of ideal societies as least as far back as Plato. Here's a list of some of the notable fictional formulations.

More, *Utopia*, (1516). First notable utopia after Plato's Republic; an intentionally isolated island community; equality of goods, emphasis on education and religion.

Hawthorne, *The Blithedale Romance* (1852). Essentially anti-utopian chronicle of how the actual utopian community of Brook Farm (Massachusetts) failed; important for insight into probable personality conflicts.

Bellamy, *Looking Backward* (1888). Best-selling socialist utopia of the '90's, taking place in future; interesting but scary--very technological and totalitarian.

Morris, *News from Nowhere*, (1889) Written in reaction to Bellamy; anti-machine; handicraft-oriented, idyllic, impractical and delightful.

Wells, *Men Like Gods* (around 1910). Socialist utopia slightly overorganized, but H.G. Wells is always interesting (e.g. *The Time Machine*).

Skinner, *Walden II* (1949). Model for existing Twin Oaks community; serious blueprint for small satellite communes intended to spread and change society.

Graves, *Watch the West Wind Rise* (1960?). Freaky; Robert Graves, the poet, is spirited into future world by its leaders--astrologists, magicians, etc. Fun book.

Huxley, *Island* (1962). Excellent and realistic picture of spiritually and ecologically oriented society threatened by military-industrial complex.



# Organic Farmers Grow Together

[Ed. note: This article replaces the regular column on gardening hints, since as well as reporting on the meeting, it contains many helpful hints for the beginner.]

by ann nugent

At the rural community of Van Zandt, 30 miles east of Bellingham, a large group of people met together recently to discuss the prospects of raising crops organically for commercial purposes. About 60 appeared, coming from a 50-mile radius. They gathered in the community hall, one of the three buildings comprising Van Zandt, which nestles between the meandering curves of the South Fork of the Nooksack River.

The group was an amalgamation of long-haired, bearded, young city-men who were fresh immigrants to rural living, and older, experienced farmers, some of whom had practiced the intricate art of farming since the cradle. The bearded youths wore heavy boots and faded overalls, while the clean-shaven farmers, with hair close-cropped, were dressed in well pressed slacks and polished shoes. Although strangers at first, their differences sparked an animated evening, for they met with the shared desire to learn more about farming organically, and to share ideas about the subject.

The meeting was arranged in order for organic growers to meet buyers from Seattle and also discuss the prospects of forming a Co-op. As it turned out however, many questions arose; these in turn raised more problems to the surface which could not be solved in one evening. The discussion tended to revolve around the following questions: Is there a market for organically grown produce? Is organic farming possible in this area? If so, how does one start?

## MARKET

Several buyers from Seattle were present, and they assured the group that demands for organic food exceeded the supply. The buyers mentioned that in order for foods to be certified organic, they must be tested to see if they are free of poisonous residues from pesticides, herbicides, nitrate and mercury. The interaction between the buyers and growers didn't get much beyond a hand-shaking level, but introductions are the yeast whereby further developments will occur, under suitable conditions.

Valuable contributions came from testimonials of those who already were successful organic gardeners. Pat McGee of Lynden has used organic methods all his life for his own consumption. He doesn't want to go into commercial farming, but is enthusiastic about the philosophy and wishes to share his knowledge with others. Steve Royce, from Kendall, who began last year and tilled half an acre for his own family, enjoyed his first year of farming. "But it's back-breaking, man! You gotta want to work seven days a week!" He plans to double his cultivation and sell commercially. He already knows that he loves this kind of labor.

Most notable was the testimonial from Eugene LeRoy of Guemes Island who cultivates four acres of pure soil (that lay fallow for twenty years before he started), and raises crops for commercial purposes. The group was very interested in his description about how he makes his humus. He intends to raise 100 chickens on his farm this year, and feed them organic grain so that their manure, which he'll use to make humus, will be free of poisonous residues.

## HOW TO BEGIN

Merek Mura is planning to till some of his six acres near South Pass Road, land which has been untouched since 1908. He is eager to start cultivating his pure soil, but needs to know how to begin. Mr. LeRoy admitted that the first years are largely trial and error. But several useful suggestions emerged. First, the soil must be free of poisonous residues, so the soil should be tested (see below for procedures). Since it takes three years to build up a rich organic soil and since beginners don't as yet have compost beds and can't make humus immediately, the next concern is, where can one obtain organic substances that can be added to the soil now to make it suitable for the first year. Since manure may be either too fresh or contain poisonous residues (it isn't complete, either), then other alternatives must be given.

Jeff Margolis of Everybody's Store in Van Zandt has ordered a supply of organic matter that should be at his store by now. The mixture contains blood meal, bone meal, kelp meal, and various kinds of ground rock, and a soil builder. Lime should be added if it doesn't already include it.



How does one cope with the insects without using insecticides? The experienced farmers agreed that importing lady bugs and preying mantises would help solve the difficulty (see below for source of supply). Eugene LeRoy insisted that a rich, healthy (complete) soil prevented the bugs from chewing his crops. Also, one should mix the vegetables with smelly flowers and herbs (such as marigolds and chives); the perfumed air seems to keep insects away. Mix the corn with sunflowers. Avoid strict row cropping.

Individuals in the group asked about procedures of switching over from former farming methods to organic farming, but simple answers did not emerge. Herman Crape, who owns 100 acres and 26 cows near Van Zandt, stopped spraying with pesticides in 1969, but his polluted fields must lie fallow until they're rid of poisonous residues. He hesitates to try crop farming, because last year he lost money on it due to a slow market. But he is searching for means to use organic farming methods.



CLASS  
ORGANIC GARDENING  
WWSU - SEPT. OF CONT.  
STUDIES  
SPRING QUARTER  
NESBIT, WILGROSS, KACHMAN, INSCS  
\$7.50/person \$10.50/couple

Order Now  
Praying Mantis  
Egg Cases &  
Lady Bugs

live Ladybugs: 1/2 pint, \$4.00;  
quart, \$6.00. Praying Mantis Egg  
Cases: 3 for \$2.00, 8 for \$4.00 Airmail  
paid; instructions Bio-Control Co.  
Route 2, Box 2397 Auburn, Calif.  
95603

The problem is a complicated one: farmers who grow commercially have tended to have huge acreages that grow a single crop (grown for feed or for canneries), and this method seems to require insecticides and commercial fertilizers. But prospects appear hopeful by the presence of the established farmers at the meeting. These experienced farmers seemed to welcome all the young newcomers that are moving to the countryside, who are willing to devote the time and hard labor to start diversified farming (multiple crops and animals), and farm on a smaller scale. Their zest for a Unity with the Good Earth seems to kindle the spirits of the established farmers, reminds them that their way of life is the Good Life after all.

## WHAT CAN I GROW?

The young beginning farmers were asking the buyers, "What do you want to buy?" to which the buyers answered, "What can you grow?" And they weren't sure. The experienced farmers gave a few helpful suggestions such as 'don't try grains, dried beans or tomatoes.' Try root crops and squash. But other than that, the talk was rather vague. More specific suggestions would be helpful. Someone asked, "What about sunflowers?" [Ed. note: Plant 'em, the more the better. Many wholesalers have none at all left by this time of year.]

## NEED TO FORM A CO-OP

The group dwelled on the aforementioned problems during the evening; many questions arose. Everybody came with his own unique problem (also present were several who raise beef organically). So finally the group broke up spontaneously, and individuals sought out those who could best answer their questions. Thus the opportunity to discuss the forming of a Co-op didn't arise.

But in addition to those already mentioned, the following problems remained unexplored:

1) How does one prevent neighboring farmers from using pesticides since such activity pollutes one's own soil; 2) Who could make organic humus in large quantities to sell commercially? 3) Is it possible to share the use of machinery such as the shredders which grind up woody vegetation?

A few members expressed the need to establish a communications network between grower and buyer of organic foods, between those who raise beef organically, those who raise chickens organically, and between the various types of organic vegetable farmers.

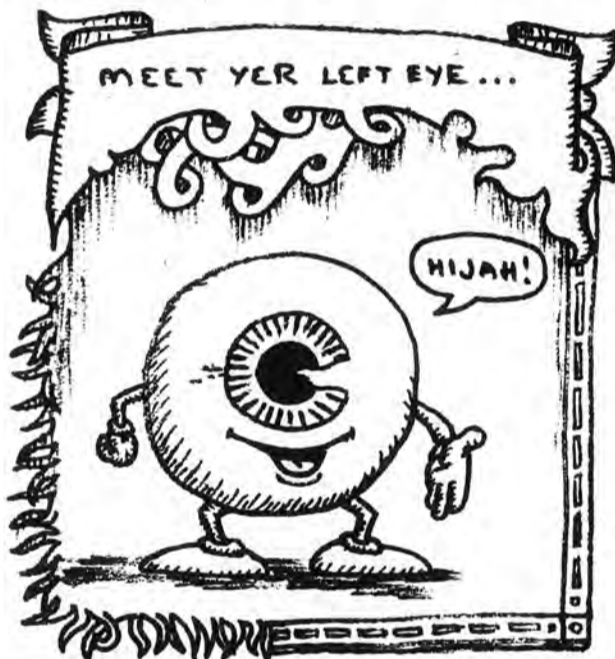
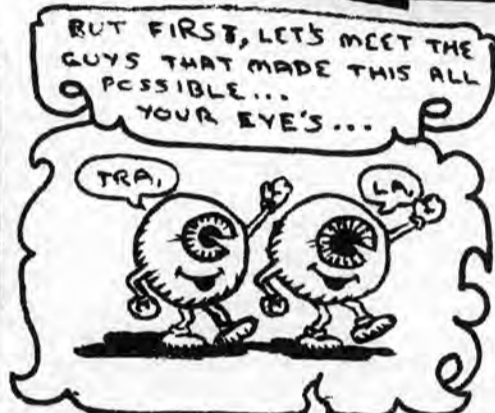
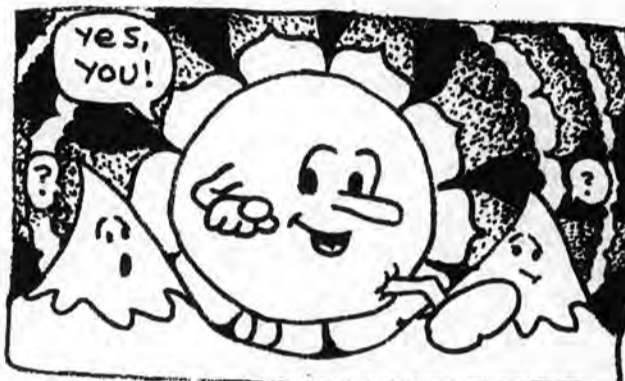
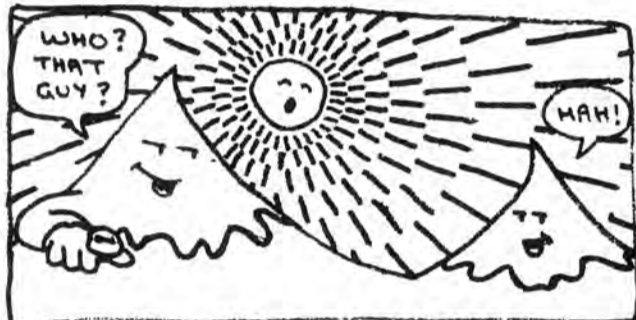
The experienced organic farmers, who know how complicated organic farming can become, suggested that one should refer to the various publications put out by Jerome Rodale on organic gardening (Rodale Press) for technical advice. There is also a paperback called Basic Book Organic Gardening by Robert Rodale (Ballantine Books). Rodale Press also puts out a monthly magazine, "Organic Gardening and Farming," (33 East Minor Street, Emmaus, PA 18049). Very useful, readable, for \$5.85 a year. Also at the public library.

PROCEDURES FOR TESTING YOUR SOIL Washington State Dept. of Agriculture 5th floor Whatcom County Court House, Bellingham Pick up Soil Testing Kit (free) Use the kit on your soil according to instructions. Then send Kit to Wash. State Univ., Pullman, plus \$3.00. Results take about two weeks



CARTOONIST ED LOFTUS HAS SPLIT FOR A WHILE.  
 Instead of his regular HERO series, we pause for a commercial announcement:

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF "DOC." DOSE AND HIS MIRACLE INGREDIENTS! BROUGHT TO YOU BY...





# resist to exist

red star news collective

## News from Soledad

SOLEDAD PRISON, Cal. (LNS)--After spending a half a year in isolation, four of the Soledad Seven (black men accused of killing a prison guard) are back with their fellow prisoners to serve out their indeterminate original sentences. The charges against Walter Watson, Alfred Dunn, Jimmy Hanes, and O.C. Allen were suddenly and unexpectedly dropped.

The remaining three--Jesse Phillips, James Wagner and Roosevelt Williams--still face mandatory death penalties if they are convicted of killing a guard last July.

The conspiracy charges were dropped against the remaining three, but the murder rap still stands. Said Patrick Hallinan, lawyer for the Seven, after hearing that the D.A. had dismissed the charges on 4 of the 7: "I think the D.A. was withdrawing to a smaller perimeter because his ramparts were falling into the moat. This case stunk six weeks ago and it stunk last week... What happened is that someone in the D.A.'s office cleared their nose and smelled it and they had to do something about it."

After the original indictments were announced, the correction authority hung up signs offering early parole to men who agreed to be witnesses against the Seven. Soledad prisoners are afraid of retaliations from the guards and the adult authority if they testify for the defense in any part of the case.

The site of the trial has been set at San Francisco, rather than San Diego, a more right-wing city. This means that their trial in the California Supreme Court will be set soon.

Inside Soledad prison over the past few months, five guards have been stabbed. "There's open warfare now," said a source close to the prison. All of the attacks took place in the infamous O-Wing adjustment center--an isolation center for men whom the guards and administrators have picked out as troublemakers. Men in the O-Wing are locked in their cells 23½ hours a day. So far there have been four indictments out of the five attacks.

THINGS TO REMEMBER WHILE WAITING FOR THE COFFEE TO BOIL

At the risk of sounding ridiculous, a revolutionary is motivated by great feelings of love.

--CHE

(Merry Madison Kaleidoscope)



JAIL RIOT IN NEW YORK CITY

## Prison "Suicides"

NEW YORK (LNS)--On February 12, a few hours after a Grand Jury disregarded even the testimony of a prison guard and ruled that four recent deaths in the Manhattan Men's House of Detention (The Tombs) were "suicides", another man was found hung in a New York City prison. Joseph Haimowitz, 23 accused of burglary, was found hanging by his belt in his cell in the Brooklyn House of Detention. Haimowitz was a \$100 a day addict and he was released from the detoxification dormitory after only 3 days and left to withdraw by himself.

Belts, shoelaces and other "potentially dangerous articles" are supposed to be taken from prisoners who are suffering withdrawal.

The Grand Jury, under intense public pressure, was investigating the deaths of four prisoners--Julio Roldan, Raymond Lavon Moore, Anibal Davia and John Perason. The Young Lords and the Inmates Liberation Front have charged that these four and other "suicides" have in fact been murders.

One guard, Arthur Blake, accused three guards of beating Moore. Furthermore, other prisoners said they saw guards dragging Moore's body, which appeared to be dead, off the elevator and into his cell where he was found hanging.

## Amerikans Fatter

(A.P.--Seattle Times) Americans are fatter than almost anybody, a government survey shows.

The U.S. Public Health Service released Thursday a report saying that Italian men living in Rome were the only ones that compared with American male chubbies. U.S. women were found to be fatter than Canadian women, but figures for other national groups were not available.

## Blood Money

PALO ALTO (LNS)--Jack Ybarra, coordinator for La Confederacion de la Raza Unida, recently refused to accept what he called "blood money" from the Levi Strauss company.

Walter Haas, president of Levi Strauss and a resident of posh Atherton which borders Palo Alto, had offered to underwrite the cost of office expenses for La Confederacion for two years. (La Raza Unida is a Chicano political party begun by Corky Gonzales.) Ybarra said if Levi Strauss wants to help La Raza he should use the money to raise the pay of his own employees.

Levi Strauss employs about 40% to 60% workers with Spanish surnames. Many of these are women who must support a family on less than \$2 an hour.

## International Women's Day

INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY

Feb. 20, The Guardian--March 8, International Women's Day, will see actions by women around the world stressing such demands as the release of women political prisoners, including Ericka Huggins in New Haven, Conn., Angela Davis in California and women in Saigon's dungeons. Brutal treatment and unfair sentences against prostitution will be an issue in some places. In the U.S., stress will also be on the three demands set forth on Aug. 26 in the U.S.: free abortion on demand with an end to forced sterilization, equal pay for equal work and free community-controlled daycare centers for all children. The oppression of lesbian women and of all women by war, racism and colonialism will also receive attention.

## Canada Rake-Off

EDMONTON, ALBERTA (LNS)--American corporations are taking more than \$1.6 billion a year out of Canada in profits, University of Toronto economist Abraham Rotstein reports.

Rotstein says that U.S. investment in Canada has now reached the stage where there is a financial drain on the economy--they are taking more money out than they are putting in.

Not only are the Americans taking all that profit out of the country, but they are also using Canadian money from Canadian-based banks to finance expansion of their corporations in Canada.

In 1969, Rotstein estimates that about 60% of the expansion of U.S. companies in Canada was paid for through Canadian money. This means that Canada is deprived of needed American dollars that are presently invaluable for international trade.

"In other words, we are financing our own takeover," he said.

More than \$40 billion in U.S. capital has been invested in Canada to buy 90% control over such industries as automobiles, rubber, petroleum and oil. (Thanks to Canadian University Press for this story.)

## Failure in Laos

How will the Nixon regime respond to a failure in Laos? Possibly with further escalation. At a time like this it is informative to reflect on a discussion between a Chinese diplomat and American anti-war activist Tom Hayden, which took place in January 1966 (Reported in *The Other Side* by Hayden and Lynd).

The American plan, as envisaged by Tang, is first, the introduction of more troops into Vietnam; second, greater bombing; third, stationing soldiers along the Ho Chi Minh Trail, thus involving troops from Thailand and sealing off the Cambodian-Vietnamese border; fourth, expanded bombing of the Laotian liberation front forces; and finally an attack on China...

But, he granted, "even if worse comes to worst" and the war is escalated to China, "your movement will have failed, but we are prepared to suffer more."

## Kissinger Kidnap Conspiracy

HARRISBURG, PA. (LNS)--The Harrisburg 6 were arraigned here on February 6 for conspiring with seven co-conspirators "and with others whose names are not known to the Grand Jury" to blow up the heating system of Federal buildings in Washington, D.C., and to kidnap presidential advisor Henry Kissinger. All six defendants separately pleaded "not guilty" to the charges.

One of the Harrisburg 6, Father Philip Berrigan, was brought from Connecticut's Danbury State Prison to Pennsylvania for the arraignment. Both Father Philip and his brother Father Daniel, who is named as one of the seven co-conspirators, are in prison for burning draft records with napalm at the Catonsville, Md., draft board in 1968.

\*\*\*\*\*

"I never expected President Nixon to be the one to put Che's strategy of two, three, many Vietnams into practice."--Mme. Binh after invasion of Cambodia.

\*\*\*\*\*

1254 State Street  
(corner State & Holly)

Open 24 hours  
Closed only  
on high holidays

The gathering place of all funnies, but beautiful love people in the biggest & world's largest commune this world's ever known. The best of food served by the best of people, good people representing the good world all over. Ask for Clyde & Jack when you're there. Rite on, 'cuz they're cooking there with all the girls. It's all happening in Bellingham.

Cadillac

SONNY'S SNACK SHACK



# OUT OF THE MOLLASSES JUG

## Lemon Bath

when you have one or two lemon skins, but not enough to make hot lemonade with... why not try a "lemon bath"?

Use about 1/2 lemon from which you can't squeeze any more juice. Just float it in your bathwater. As it soaks up the water, squeeze and rub yourself and enjoy the fresh lemon fragrance. Breaking them up in pieces is good, too. Its the oil that's contained in the citrus skin you want to get at.

You can also pat your face with it; if you have sensitive skin, it may irritate a bit. If that happens, rinse with lukewarm water.

I guarantee you will feel the effect on your skin.

You can use lemon skin to make hair rinse, too. Soak about 1/2 to 1 lemon skin in lukewarm water & squeeze, good.

Any other fruit skins, such as water-melon, orange, grapefruit could be used this way... if they don't have wax on them.

Cucumbers are good, too.

Toshiko Nakajima  
Bellingham

## Dandelions

Cut off the roots & older leaves before flowering, using only the tender heart portion. Wash & soak in salted water for a time until leaves become crisp. Then drain & press dry & put in a salad bowl which has been rubbed with a clove of garlic. Add french dressing, serve with hard boiled eggs cut in quarters & laid over.

Note: - if you have plenty of dandelion plants on the lawn, they can be prepared for salad use by tying the young leaves together when growth is just starting & inverting over the plant a large flower-pot. This blanches the leaves & takes away some of the bitterness.

## Wilted Dandelion Salad

After washing & drying the leaves & soaking for a few hours in salt water to remove the bitterness, put them all in an open iron spider which contains ham fat. Stir the dandelions briskly, until they are barely wilted. Salt & add freshly ground pepper & serve quickly when the leaves are completely wilted.

## Gardening ... March

March 15

You can plant peas and spinach outdoors. And you can set out your little cabbage plants, indoors, or in the cold frame, plant melon, tomato, pepper, cucumber & celery.

March 24

Plant Radishes, Beets, Carrots, Parsnips, and onion sets (deep sets & shallow sets)

This is the month to harvest Leeks, Parsnips, Scotch Kale, Winter Spinach, Savoy Cabbage. Also, now is the time to start rhubarb & asparagus seed for planting in a bed, next november.

Divide & replant chives  
Place tar paper discs or squares around the stems of cabbage & related plants to protect them from cabbage maggots.

## Moon Signs for March

1 Taurus  
3 Gemini  
5 Cancer  
8 Leo  
10 Virgo  
13 Libra  
15 Scorpio  
17 Sagittarius  
20 Capricorn  
22 Aquarius  
24 Pisces  
26 Aries  
28 Taurus  
30 Gemini

## Popped Rice

This recipe is from a macrobiotic cook book. The rice can be eaten like nuts, or steeped with green tea - which is how we use it.

3 cups rice  
1/4 cup salt  
water to cover  
(I make 1/2 recipe at a time)  
Wash rice and soak 48 hours. Rinse, add salt & soak 24 hours. Drain. Dry as thoroughly as you can in a towel... not terry cloth or you'll be forever picking grains of rice out of the fabric. Get a cast iron frying pan hot.

Top of stove roasting... roast rice, 1/2 cup at a time in hot frying pan, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. Remove pan from flame from time to time until rice pops, turns brown (looks toasted) and can be easily chewed. Don't burn your mouth!  
Cool. Store in air-tight jar.

## Non-Toxic Play Dough

1 cup cold water  
1 cup salt  
2 tsp. vegetable oil } mix  
Food coloring.

2 Tbsp. Cornstarch  
3 cups flour or more  
Add gradually until the consistency of bread dough.  
Will keep indefinitely in a plastic bag, in the frig, if you still use things like that.

## Ham Hocks & Beans

1 Ham Hock (get butcher to saw it in 3)  
2 cups lima beans (dried)  
2 cups black-eye peas (dried)  
2 carrots  
2 onions  
stock or water  
Salt & pepper to taste.

Wash beans & peas. Put ham hock in big heavy pot. Barely cover with stock (I save water from boiled vegetables & chicken & meat scraps as often as possible to use in things like this. Bring to a boil and simmer an hour. Add beans, peas, chopped carrots & onions, salt & pepper. Simmer most of the afternoon. Stir now and then to prevent sticking. You may need to add more water, but the best consistency is thick.

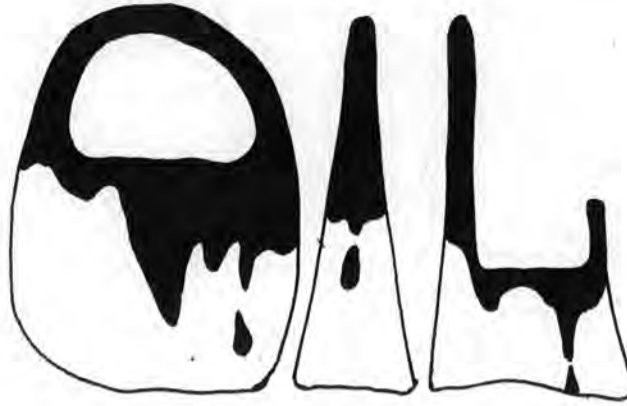
Peace,  
Barbara Chasan  
Vashon Island, Wa.

## Never-fail-bean-sprouting-for-the-lazy

Put 6 tablespoons mung beans in a quart jar. Soak in warm water 8 hours. Drain, water off. Put in the dark (under sink, in a closed cupboard, or wherever) and rinse twice a day in warm water. I cover the jar with a damp cloth. Don't use a lid. Ready in 3-4 days.







# Pipeline: Score One for the Good Guys

by cato

The past several weeks marked a bloody encounter in the battle over the Alaska pipeline. By all odds it was expected that the oil industry, backed by the U.S. Department of Interior would easily steamroller the ragtag band of citizens and conservationists at the set of hearings on the pipeline in Washington, D.C., and Anchorage, Alaska. And yet, at the close of the Washington hearings, it was the oil industry which was picking up the pieces.

The Trans-Alaska Pipeline has been stopped by a Federal injunction for more than a year. Three conservation groups — the Environmental Defense Fund, Friends of the Earth, and the Wilderness Society — were able to halt the project pending an "Environmental Impact Analysis" (EIA) required by Sec. 102 of the National Environmental Policy Act. After a year of laboring, Interior produced a 300-page draft of the EIA. The hearings were designed to draw comments.

Apparently, the oil industry and Interior expected conservationists to object to the report primarily on emotional grounds which could easily be brushed aside. They were completely unprepared for the barrage of detailed criticisms by competent engineers, biologists, geologists, and politicians. In the process, one major flaw after another was laid bare until finally Rogers Morton, the new Secretary of Interior, announced that, impressed by conservationist testimony, he was not planning on issuing any permits in the near future.

The hearings were held in the Department of Commerce buildings. This is the building whose lobby contains two large displays of pinball machine-type counters. One clicks off the increase in the U.S. population while the one opposite totals the Gross National Product. These displays provided a symbolic backdrop to the hearings.

The witnesses generally fell into five groups: politicians, oil industry people, representatives of conservation groups and of Alaskan Native associations, and finally individual citizens, largely local D.C. conservationists.

A heavy preponderance of witnesses attacked the pipeline and the draft EIA. These attacks centered on several points. First, the inadequate engineering. It was pointed out that the pipeline must cross the most severe earthquake area in the U.S. and, incredibly, the Valdez - the southern terminus for the pipeline — containing the "tank farms" and supertankers loading piers, had been completely destroyed seven years ago in an earthquake! Yet, there was no evidence of anything more than the most routine engineering analysis described in the report and the specifications of pipeline structures continually used phrases like "wherever practicable" and "wherever feasible," etc.

A second point which came under attack was the failure of Interior to consider the environmental impact of the associated supertanker transport of the oil to Puget Sound and other West Coast ports. This was first brought out by David Anderson, a Canadian Member of Parliament from Vancouver Island. He read several excerpts from Canadian and U.S. navigation manuals describing sections of the route down the B.C. coast, around Vancouver Island, and into the Strait of Juan de Fuca. To understate, the route is extremely hazardous — especially for giant supertankers with limited maneuverability. Dr. Edward Wenk of the University of Washington — who is also a Science Advisor to the President of the United States — described Puget Sound as becoming a "dead sea" were a major supertanker accident to occur.

A coalition of Washington conservation groups sent Drs. Paul Tholfsen and Wallace Heath of Bellingham to testify along similar lines, attacking Interior for its kissing-off of Puget Sound in but four sentences in its EIA. Tholfsen further requested that hearings on the draft be held in Seattle.

Other points which drew numerous attacks were the failure of Interior to consider alternative routes. The alternate route from the North Slope, overland, down the Mackenzie Valley was supported by many speakers.

The Interior arguments of "national defense needs" as a justification for the pipeline drew fire from nearly everyone. It was pointed out that even if the pipeline were built according to the Interior scenario, the U.S. would still be importing at least one-quarter of its oil from the Mideast.

Probably the most devastating testimony was that of former Secretary of Interior Stuart Udall who stated

## Senator's Proposal

Dear NWP:

Thank you for getting in touch with me in regard to the proposed Alaska pipeline.

As you may know, I have introduced legislation which would require specific Congressional approval of plans to build an oil pipeline from the North Slope to an ice-free port on the Gulf of Alaska.

In my view, the factual findings of the Interior Department's draft statement are reasonable in tone. But the action taken by the Department does not involve merely a finding of facts. It also involves a judgment on the basis of the facts that have been developed.

In a matter of this consequence, I believe Congress should have an opportunity to review the facts and make a final decision based on those facts. A policy choice which involves questions of the nation's fuel needs, its relations with other countries and states, should not be left to a single government agency and should not be made without specific Congressional approval.

It is helpful to me to have your views and I appreciate hearing from you.

Sincerely,  
Clifford P. Case  
U.S. Senator

[Editor's Northern Note: The text of the bill introduced by Sen. Case (R-N.J.) follows.]

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Interior shall not issue any permit, grant any right-of-way, provide for the sale of forest products or mineral materials, or take any other action involving or in connection with the construction, operation, or maintenance of any oil pipeline system for use in transporting oil from fields in Northern Alaska to any deep water port or other place, unless such action is first authorized by legislation enacted by the Congress subsequent to the date of the enactment of this Act.

that Interior had done a very low-quality job in its report and recommended evaluation by an independent group of analysts. He thus supported what many witnesses stated more bluntly: that Interior's report was more in the way of a justification written for the Alyeska Pipeline Co., which started off with the reality of 800 miles of 48-inch pipe lining Valdez and build its case by adopting oil industry specification sheets and plans.

So, at this stage, the oil industry — a group accustomed to having governments closed down in small countries which get in its way — finds itself thwarted. This situation won't last long. With swarms of tame scientists, engineers, politicians and bureaucrats in its stable, the oil industry will start in again trying to present a somewhat better case. In the meantime, the Puget Sound area finds itself as a major focus of opposition to the pipeline and the attendant supertankers.

It is clear that political pressure will settle the fate of the pipeline (and Puget Sound). Both Senators Jackson and Magnuson have made few public statements about the situation. These two men have enormous power relating to the project. Sen. Jackson is chairman of the Senate Interior Committee which has jurisdiction over the Alaskan lands which the pipeline must cross. Sen. Magnuson is chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee which has jurisdiction over shipping, including tankers. Both men, in addition, have profound influence in Washington, D.C. An additional source of pressure has arisen in Canada, particularly in B.C. British Columbians stand to lose as much as Washingtonians in the event of an oil spill and yet they don't even have the oil-coated dollars to console themselves with. The Canadian government has been exerting pressure to stop the pipeline both for this reason and also because Canada plans to build its own pipeline, tapping Canadian Arctic oil fields close to Prudhoe Bay. This line would run up the Mackenzie River Valley, already a major shipping corridor, to Edmonton, Alberta, tying-in with existing pipelines. This route would avoid the tanker problems, as well as the earthquake zone. Whether this route is feasible or not remains to be seen.

In the meantime, the importance of keeping pressure on elected officials in both countries cannot be overstated. The pipeline, like many such issues, is not dead and will not go away simply because conservationists make a lot of responsible noise at a hearing or two. Crude oil can be kept out of Puget Sound waters, and away from the B.C. coastlines and islands, but this will require serious efforts and careful vigilance over the next many months. But after all, Puget Sound is certainly worth the fight.

Write:

Senator Henry Jackson  
and  
Senator Warren Magnuson  
Senate Office Building  
Washington, D.C. 20510

Cato, who pseudonymously covered the recent Alaska Pipeline hearings for the Passage, is an active environmentalist in the Pacific Northwest, specializing in oil dangers.





Photo by Buck Meloy

Thousands of angry Canadians, joined by local environmental activists, massed at the Blaine Peace Arch recently to protest U.S. oil companies' plans to ship Alaskan crude in giant supertankers to the ARCO refinery at Cherry Point. The threat to the B.C. coastline and Gulf Islands, they said, was too severe because of the inevitability of major oil spills. The group vocally okayed a telegram to be sent to the Canadian government urging establishment of a 200-mile pollution-free zone off the B.C. coast, which would bar supertankers, and the immediate convening of the International Joint Commission, to consider banning supertankers from the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

The Canadians are also upset just by the mere presence of the ARCO refinery so close to their territory. In a report circulated by SPEC (Society for Pollution and Environmental Control), it was noted that "Our Canadian Gulf Islands and the

beaches of the Boundary Bay area are particularly vulnerable to probable chronic pollution from the leakage and spillage which will result from normal operations of the refinery facility, and from the daily effluent discharge." Further, the SPEC report said, "It is estimated that the normal loading and transport of crude oil in tankers involves a standard leakage of about one percent. The tides which surge around the Gulf Islands combined with the flow from the Fraser River would effectively spread any oil around the whole perimeter of the Gulf-beaches, bays, boat harbors, and all-with severe effects on the marine life as well as the recreational value of the area..."

"A tanker such as the Universe Island-not necessarily the largest to be used-carries 300,000 tons. If this amount were spilled and washed up on shore it would make a blanket of oil one inch thick, 30 feet wide, and 3,000 miles long."



## Heath's Testimony: Oil + Aquaculture Don't Mix

Ecologist Dr. Wallace Heath is Project Director of the Lummi Indian Aquaculture Project near Bellingham, and Assistant Director of The Oceanic Institute, located in Hawaii. These are excerpts from his testimony to the Alaska Pipeline hearings.

...Thus, it is my contention that in the long run the Alaskan pipeline would be an even greater detriment to the ecology, economy, and food production potential of Puget Sound than it would to the ecology of Alaska, however bad that may appear to some. The pipeline may end at Valdez, but the problems of heavy or even disastrous oil pollution on the western shorelines of the United States and Canada will only begin there.

For a specific case, the economic future of the Lummi Indian Tribe depends on the \$3,000,000 annual crop of fish and oysters projected for the 750-acre aquafarm. Yet 5 miles north of their aquafarm ARCO is building an oil refinery to receive supertankers from Alaska. This poses a threat to the Lummi aquafarm since even a minor spill would foul the flavor of the \$3,000,000 fish and oyster crops in one day and destroy their market value.

But the threat of supertankers carrying 1,000,000 (one million) barrels per day into Puget Sound is not only a threat to the Lummi's, it is a threat to the entire region for several reasons... Puget Sound has over 2200 square miles of water area and 2500 miles of shoreline. This is one of the highest ratios of

shoreline to sea water area on the continent. At low tide there are over 500 islands and as many submerged shoals, reefs and other navigational hazards. During the two year period of 1968-69 there were over 50 major oil spills (over 10 barrels/spill) and about 60% of these were due to negligence.

The only two passages from the ocean to the ARCO Refinery are through the San Juan Islands (Haro Strait and Rosario Strait) which are only slightly over one mile wide. They are bordered by numerous obstructions to navigation and have currents of up to 3 to 5 knots with each tide. It is one of the most undesirable of all places to navigate a supertanker, especially when the region has one of the highest frequencies for heavy fog in the nation. Supertankers require about 3 miles to stop with engines full astern...

The danger to the economy and ecology of the region can be estimated in several ways. The value of the real estate of the shorelines that would be damaged by a spill are estimated by appraisers to be between 1.8 and 2.2 billion dollars (2500 miles at \$150/ft).

The value of the fisheries is in excess of \$100,000,000, annually. But damage to populations can last for many years and damage to entire communities can take decades to correct, or the effect can even be permanent. This is the great hazard of oil in an enclosed ecosystem such as Puget Sound. We know the damage would be great, or rather disastrous.

One must also consider the cost of cleaning the tens of thousands of small boats that are part of the several hundred million dollar recreation industry that would be hard hit by an oil spill.

Most directly hit would be the new aquaculture industry which is now beginning to emerge. Mr. Bert Cole, Director of the Department of Natural Resources which controls the bottom of Puget Sound, stated that food production and aquaculture are the best and highest uses for Puget Sound after he turned down \$2 million in oil exploration leases. He anticipates on the order of \$60 million annually from aquaculture by 1980 with up to ten times that from indirect spin off benefits to the region.

Even if an oil spill did not kill aquaculture crops, the smell and fouling of their flavor could destroy their market value. The irony of the economics is that the \$4,000,000 Lummi Indian Aquafarm has a larger job potential than the \$100,000,000 ARCO refinery and all of its transport systems. The regional aquaculture industry would employ many times the number working in the regional oil industry.

Puget Sound is the ecological end of the Alaskan pipeline. One out of every 1,000 barrels is spilled in harbors. A major spill from a supertanker in Puget Sound over a ten year period is a statistical certainty. The Alaskan pipeline would mean pollution to Puget Sound in disastrous proportions. The incalculable values of Puget Sound is one of the prices that would be paid for the pipeline in Alaska. In the world of ecology-it is impossible to do one thing.



# Stopping ARCO's Dump Plan- A Progress Report

"Today's Clean Oil Heat"

Both ends of the oil companies' Alaska - Washington State colon have been blocked. Due to the pipeline hearings, nothing will be coming out of Alaska for some time, if ever. Constipation has also clogged ARCO's plans for its Cherry Point refinery to dump nearly four million gallons of alkaline effluent daily into the waters of the Georgia Strait.

Due to angry letters generated largely by stories in the *Passage* and the *Western Front* at WWSC, the Army Corps of Engineers has been flooded with protests. They say this issue has generated more citizen interest than any project they've ever dealt with. The Corps doesn't seem particularly anxious to hold a public hearing in Whatcom County, but the volume of mail may force them to do so. However, we won't know for several months, since they have asked ARCO to respond first to the objections raised by those thousands of letters and postcards.

As outlined here in our last issue, the route now for those opposed to the ARCO plan is to write to the Department of Ecology demanding a public hearing on certification of ARCO's dump plan. Write to Jim Behlke, Department of Ecology, P. O. Box 829, Olympia, WA 98501.



Photo by Jim McConnell

You might want to mention some of the arguments raised in the following excerpts from a letter to the Corps by Dr. Wallace Heath, Project Director of the Lummi Indian Aquaculture Project:

"...It is a very bad time for a new industry to begin dumping 12 tons of chemicals per day, just when the City of Bellingham and Georgia - Pacific Corp. are going to spend \$13 million to treat all effluents in order

to clean up Bellingham Bay. Let ARCO be clean from the beginning. It is much cheaper for ARCO that way.

"A 3.7 million gallon per day effluent is a waste of valuable river water. It will cost over \$35,000 per year to dump that volume. It would be cheaper in the long run to recycle the water and remove the chemicals at the same time. The technology to do so is now available.

Shellfish have a great capacity to concentrate and accumulate chemicals such as phenols and mercaptans. These are well known for their ability to taint the shellfish flavor even when present in only parts per billion on a constant basis. The ARCO effluent could taint the flavor of shellfish over a wide area with the 12 tons per day that it is proposing to dump.

"It is very significant that the nearby Mobil Refinery recycles its water supply and has a very low effluent content. This proves that the ARCO system is inadequate. The ARCO oil and grease effluent alone is equivalent to a major oil spill every ten days.

"In summary, when compared with the important economic value of seafood production (estimated at \$60 million annually in aquaculture alone by 1980 by Bert Cole) in the next decade, every effort must be made at the present time to keep the present water quality and to improve it further..."

by joseph prunier

## 'Babying' the Old Folks--Adopt Them!

by ryan drum

The population problem (super-optimal human density in a particular time/place) could be lessened by a quasi-regression to the extended family. Couples wishing children, communes seeking company, lonely people, could lease or informally adopt an otherwise unattached old person. Old people are fascinating and we have much to learn from them. Unlike children, they die soon. Like children, they require and thrive on attention, play, and love. We are in a great moral jeopardy as we continue to blot old people out of our lives into geriatric prisons. Each old person has a life epic to tell--which may take years to effectively relate; they are guides to our own confused lives. What seems like repetition to us is merely the repeating of a chorus to remind the listener of the theme, etc. If we have septuagenarians and octogenarians around, they reassure us that a life of mistakes and unobtained aspirations can be fun. This does not apply to members of your own blood family, which would cause authority/power conflicts. Unlike children old people may have resources. Unlike children you cannot control them completely. Like children they are human beings and deserve to be so treated. Before we bring more little people into this world, we must take better care of those folks here.

We are the family of man, the world is our nest, all little people are the responsibility of us all. We must have a moratorium on all human births until the nest is fit for more.

Old people are a precious cultural resource--permit them to enhance your lives.

Dr. Ryan Drum (left) implimenting what he postulates.



Photo by Rod Del Pozo

Dear Ann Landers:

I just read the letter asking what has happened to the old fashioned grandma who used to be so important in the lives of young children and it started me thinking. I agree with the person who wrote. Grandparents of young children can add a lot to the life of a child. May I make a suggestion?

If children don't have a grandma or a grandpa in their own family they might try adopting one from the old people's home. Thousands of old folks sit day after day. They never get any company. Weeks pass and they never even receive a card or letter. No one cares about them. These old people would love to have some youngster come to visit - someone they could tell stories to. Old folks enjoy talking - and they have so much to tell. A visit with a make-believe grandpa can be lots of fun. So please, Ann Landers, publish my letter. It could bring so much sunshine into the lives of so many old folks - and young ones, too.

Sacramento Grandpa

Dear Gramp:

Thank you for a beautiful suggestion. Someone, somewhere is going to be happier because you wrote.

by ann landers



Alan Benditt \* F.L. Decker \* Arthur Jorgenson \* Charles Kraft \* . . . \* Eric Nelson \* Hans Nelson \* Tom Skinner \* Robert Sund  
\* Aurora Jellybean \*



Dear Friends:  
I want to invite you to go to seattle to visit the  
Asparagus Moonlight Group Show. The show will be open  
until April 1st at The SECOND STORY GALLERY 110 First Ave.S.  
I can say no more. Love, Patruohka



# ECO-

Various projections have been made for the growth of the oil industry in Puget Sound. Recently, the Puget Sound Task Force, a very official group of representatives from 10 Federal and State Agencies which has spent the last few years trying to create a 50-year master plan for the management of Puget Sound's water resources, produced a table with projections for all heavy industries. They predict that oil refining will increase by about eight times in the next 50 years. But the surprise is in the projections on jobs in the oil industry. Presently, there are about 1200 jobs in the Puget Sound oil industry. In 50 years, with eight times as much oil being refined, the job figure will rise to... would you believe 1300?

In other words, automation will reduce the net job increase to about two new jobs per year. Figures in the report covering the last seven years bear this out. Jobs in oil decreased from 1400 to 1200 as production increased. The pattern seems to be a short spurt upwards each time a refinery goes on stream, followed by a steady attrition as production increases due to automation.

Of course, we shouldn't neglect the crews necessary to handle the unloading of the supertankers. This should provide at least ten more jobs.



The recommendations of the Public Land Review Commission should be viewed with the utmost alarm. If their report is enacted into public policy and law by the next Congress or the President, the people are going to be ripped off of:

- 755.3 million acres of recreation
- 50 to 100% of most U.S. metallic reserves
- 273 million acres of grazing land
- 40% of salable timber lands
- 96% of the source of water for westerners
- 663 million acres of big game habitat.

The Commission itself asserts: "The probability is that upon adoption of this Commission's recommendations, no public land will be left intact."

The report recommends that our public lands be managed for maximum economic efficiency - which means that the preservation of scenic and wilderness areas, the protection of unique ecological systems, wise management of fish and wildlife resources, as well as recreational sites, would be allowed only if they did not conflict with mineral exploration and extraction, commercial timbering or livestock grazing operation, or with the economic growth of some region of the country. [Excerpted from the National Wildlife, Dec-Jan, 1971.]

\* \* \* \* \*

Metal reclamation centers have been established in seven areas around Washington, but Bellingham is NOT one of the centers. How about writing to Mr. Ralph Anderson, Industrial Relations Supervisor, Continental Can Company, 601 South Myrtle, Seattle 98108 asking that his company and others involved in this project consider the possibility of establishing a center up here in Bellingham?

# Working Through The System

by mary kay becker

Oak Harbor is a small town on the Sound on the northern part of Whidbey Island. The largest settlement in the county, it has been growing in recent years. In the process of expansion, more and more open space has been subdued by asphalt, service stations, and small developments. People who thought of their homes as rural woke up to discover trade and commerce in the neighboring lot. In a country undergoing rapid urbanization, it's not an unusual story.

Meanwhile government in heavily Dutch-settled Island County continues to operate in the quaint, cronyistic traditions of Norman Rockwell's America, where due process can be seen as a passing fad of small importance-comparable to ecology and all those other hysterical notions.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Littke of Oak Harbor came home from a vacation last summer to learn that the property across the road from theirs had been rezoned from residential to commercial at the request of the new owner, Mr. Massey. Massey, who operates North Whidbey Oil Sales, had requested the zoning change in order to install a self-service gas station. Later on, he expanded this into a bulk storage plant for the sale of home heating oil, which required the sinking of large tanks into the ground.

Massey's land is drained by a ditch which comes down from the hill above him and then flows under the road to a ditch going across the Littkes' yard and garden and on to the property behind the Littkes. When they moved into their house years ago, the drainage was adequate. Since then, new paving in the area, along with a new highway, has cut off other drainage ditches with the result that the ditch running across the Littkes' land carries the burden for a whole hillside.



This winter, after Massey had installed his sunken tanks, the Littkes began to notice the stench of diesel or stove oil in the ditchwater, oil slicks on top of it, and blackened vegetation along the sides. Checking into the situation, they found that Massey did not have a conditional use permit for installing the storage tanks; they made a complaint to the planning Commission. The Commission thereupon notified Massey that he would have to obtain a permit.

Up until this time there had been no hearings on either the re-zoning or the permit. Massey was in the position of asking for a permit after the fact; he was already doing what he was asking permission to do. The Littkes were assured in January that they would have an opportunity to express their feelings on February 3, when the Board of Adjustment would take up the matter of the permit.

On February 3 the Littkes came to the meeting of the Board of Adjustment, only to find that the case was no longer on the agenda. On the same day that Mrs. Littke had been assured of a hearing over the phone, the County Superior Court heard a suit from Massey and ORDERED the Board of Adjustment to grant him a permit, seeing as how it would do him great financial harm to deny him a permit at this stage.

On February 3, the Board of Adjustment agreed to listen to the Littkes since they were there, but the three men felt that the Court had quite taken the matter out of their hands- they could do nothing. The County Engineer ventured his opinion that the oil in the water was coming from all the businesses in the drainage area, and that the Littkes were wrongly trying to blame it all on one business.

Mr. Littke wrote to the Department of Health and Sanitation. Someone came out in a truck, looked around for a minute, and then left; a reply came in the mail stating that it was not a public health problem. Littke called County Commissioner Van der Zicht, who said he was sorry he couldn't help-he didn't have a shovel. The Department of Ecology responded that they could do nothing about the situation unless the oil drained into the bay.

So, at present the Littkes have no assurance that anyone will take responsibility for the flow of oily water across their land. The voice of government is unanimous: "It's out of our hands. If you want to do something about it, you'll have to get a lawyer."

Citizens at this point begin to wonder what they have a government for.

## Proposed Welfare Cuts

A public hearing (which is already over) for proposed welfare cuts was advertised "Simplification of Welfare Codes". The hearing was not well advertised. As a consequence few people attended.

The result of the meeting was that a family of four, for instance will lose \$62/month, and a family of 10 will lose \$160/month.

Many of us are writing to stop these cuts from going into effect. We need your help. WRITE: Governor Dan Evans, State Capitol, Olympia, Washington

Gerald Thomas, Acting Assistant Director, Division of Public Assistance, P.O. Box 1162, Olympia, Washington

Sen. R. Frank Atwood, Senate Office Building, Olympia, Washington

Mr. Cas Farr, House Office Building, Olympia, Washington

Mr. Don Hansey, House Office Building, Olympia, Washington IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS OR WANT TO HELP FIGHT THESE CHANGES, PLEASE CONTACT LOW INCOME CITIZENS COMMITTEE PHONE 676-0392, 1713 4th Street, Bellingham.



# FILM FLAM



## "Little Big Man"

I enjoyed Arthur Penn's "Little Big Man," but my first reactions to this cinematic version of Thomas Berger's novel were lukewarm. It seemed too slick a way for bourgeois white audiences to learn of the cultural and physical genocide carried out by whites against the Native Peoples of this continent. (I am trying not to use the word "Indian" — a name given to these peoples only because Columbus thought he was in India.) As Vine Deloria and others have pointed out, Berger's novel is one of the few by a white man which is at all factual about the culture and world of the Native Peoples. Sad it would be, then, if white viewers were to regard the film solely, or even predominately, as Entertainment — woven around the hilariously improbable story of the 121-year-old Jack Crabb — and ignore the serious points Berger is trying to make.

I laughed a lot during the film, as did the rest of the Vancouver audience (it is also playing in Seattle) — but they also laughed at points I didn't think were so funny. Part of this laughter, I suspect, comes from unconscious racism, born mostly out of ignorance of the traditions and customs of the Native Peoples; their behavior seems "strange," hence comic. (For example, the gay brave. Few realize how very important, and institutionalized were the roles played by homosexuals in various tribes; many served as medicine men, and in other vital capacities. Or, the "contrary," those fierce warriors who lived life inside-out and backwards — an institutionalized way of allowing for exceptional bravery and fortitude.) In addition to unconscious racism and ignorance, however, I felt that the inappropriate laughter was at least partially due to Penn's overly insistent concentration on the comic and satirical.

Since seeing the film, however, I've talked with a number of persons who have read Berger's long novel, and they feel fairly satisfied with the cinematic translation — which is rare for films made from good books. Inevitably, there are compressions of material in Calder Willingham's screenplay, a few key omissions, and even some additions to the plot; foremost among the latter is Old Lodge Skin's inability to die on the day he has chosen to die: a fine half-comic / half-serious scene, demonstrating great humor and irony, which also issues reverberations about Crabb's longevity.

After further thinking about the residual impact of the film, I'm convinced that dressing up the script in comic drag perhaps may have been the most appropriate way to lure mass white audiences into the theater, during which time they would be exposed to a much-neglected aspect of American history and perhaps at the same time would receive some fundamental education about Native Peoples which might dispel a lot of racist notions we've all been raised with.

The film's serious import sort of sneaks up on you later when you begin to realize the great subtlety of the screenplay's counterpointing the white culture and that of the Native Peoples. (They are Cheyenne in the film, which translates into "The Human Beings.") Old Lodge Skins, the tribes' patriarchal chief, rarely expresses hatred toward the White Creatures; mostly it's pity: "They seem to have lost the center of the world," he says sadly, and that's why they're crazy. "They don't realize that the wind and the sky and the rocks are alive."

Almost all of the White Creatures with whom Jack associates have indeed "lost their center": Silas Pendrake, the



minister, is a brutal glutton; his wife, who turns up as a whore later in the film, is a hypocritical luster; his sister, Catherine (who, psychologically, is desperate for rape), throws him out when he hangs up his penis-pistols and refuses to assert his masculinity by killing; Gen. Custer is an egomaniacal madman; and, especially, the itinerant medicine showman, Allardyce T. Merriweather, who not only has "lost his center" but as time passes (and as his white counterparts become even more viciously destructive) loses his hand, leg, eye, ear, and finally scalp!

White Creatures, in other words, grow more powerful as a group but as individuals become more corrupted in body and soul as they proceed to destroy the earth and their own humanity; The Human Beings are wiped out by white greed, ambition and disease even though they have been promised sanctuaries for "as long as grass grows and winds blow and the sky is blue." It is fitting that Old Lodge Skins becomes blind as the horrors of the white world invade his universe. "My eyes still see," he says poetically, "but my heart no longer receives it."

The Native Peoples disappear but their souls remain; the White Creatures inhabit (and inhibit) the earth but they are soul-less. Jack Crabb — born a White Creature but raised as a Human Being — moves between these two worlds like a comic ping-pong ball, survival being his constant motivation. It is a tale in the style of American Picaresque, as Jack tries on different roles, costumes, attitudes. But he always returns to the world of The Human Beings and to Old Lodge Skins, his wise grandfather-mentor. There is a touching, real relationship.

Dustin Hoffman once again demonstrates his amazing versatility as an actor, playing half-a-dozen roles and ages with complete assurance and believability. Chief Dan George, a Squamish from the Vancouver area, as Old Lodge Skins seems not to be "acting" at all; his grand visage and eloquent words seem merely outward manifestations of an inherent dignity and purpose.

Penn nearly ruins the impact of the Little Big Horn massacre with confusing editing and camera placement (cinematically, we don't really get a sense of the enormity of the trap Custer has fallen into), and allows Richard Mulligan as Custer and Faye Dunaway as Mrs. Pendrake to outrageously overact, but on the whole, "Little Big Man" is a full, entertaining film, loaded with important history and moral lessons.

## "Children of Paradise"

Probably the richest film ever made, "Children of Paradise," is coming to the WWSC campus on March 12 (Music Auditorium, one showing only at 8:15 p.m.). Directed by Michael Carne, with a screenplay by poet Jacques Prevert, the film was one of the few made during the Nazi occupation.

"Children of Paradise," most of which takes place in the theatrical world along the quaiid Boulevard des Crimes of the 18th Century, can be interpreted on so many different planes; I've seen it five times now, and each time I come away with more understanding of how Carne and Prevert have woven the plot into intricate literary and symbolic levels of meaning.

On one level, the film is a straightforward story of four men and their love for the same woman. On another level, it is an endless series of paly-within-plays-within-plays. On another level, it concerns the myth of Diana, the mood goddess, and man's search for purity and truth in an imperfect world. And so on. One of my favorite interpretations can be summarized as follows:

The film opens with men paying admission to gaze at The Naked Truth, the beautiful Garance (played by the stunning Arletty) nude in a barrel. (That is, the men seek "Truth," but they can only look, they cannot possess her.) She revolves, as does the moon, while gazing at her face in a mirror. Later, she becomes involved with the mime Baptiste (played superbly by the great Jean-Louis Barrault). One night, they get soaked in the rain; in her room, she undresses and wraps herself in a blanket. She wears it like a sari; she is from the East as well as West. Her name, Garance, is that of a flower, a Queen. She is eternal woman.

Centered around her throughout the rest of the film are four men: Baptiste the Mime, the silent one who comes closest to having her; Frederick, another actor, who out of his great love and great jealousy is able to create a great Othello on stage; Larcenaire, a murderous thief, who knew her when she was but a side-show attraction; and the Count de Montray, who desires beauty, her Naked Truth — but they cannot fully possess her.

There are constant plays — within-plays: The Othello — Desdemona story is acted out in real-life, she mimes the Diana role while Baptiste and Frederick perform their off-stage roles, a curtain is pulled to reveal a real-life play, the film itself opens by a curtain being raised, etc. The mixture between reality and illusion is constantly fascinating.

The title, "Children of Paradise," carries a theatrical and class connotation. "Paradise," in French theatre slang, refers to the cheap seats high in the balcony where the working people sit; it also tends to be the most alive, sensual, segment of the audience, as well as the least hypocritical. (A "blind" man collecting coins outside a theatrical cafe can see perfectly; his hypocrisy is harmless. The rest of the world wears masks.) As the film ends, Garance disappears into a carnival crowd; Baptiste, chasing after her, is swallowed up as well as he bucks the masked crowd heading the other way. Truth has escaped our grasp once again.

by bernard weiner

WESTERN WASHINGTON STATE COLLEGE ART FILM SERIES

Preston Sturges MAR. 5 PRESENTS MARCEL CARNE'S MAR. 12

UNFAITHFULLY YOURS CHILDREN OF PARADISE

7:00 & 9:15 P.M. in L-4 BECAUSE OF UNUSUAL LENGTH, ONLY 1 SHOWING - 8:15, MUSIC AUD.

Students 75¢ General \$1.25



# DISC-COVERY

by david wolf

Disc-Covery has been dormant for some time, given to other involvements. But the music scene waits for no one and we have alot of catching-up to do. Singles by the individual Beatles, some of the best Jazz in years, and alot of new artists have all been happening since the last Disc-Covery.

A number of delightful new things have hit the racks lately, outnumbered as usual, by the trite-hype music.

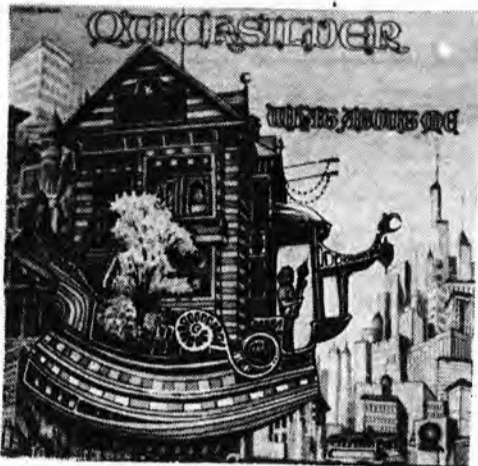
For starters, wrap your ears around Joy of Cooking, a new quintet out of Berkeley, which tastefully fuses blues and country, folk and rock into a bouncy, tight, and inventive package. Women dominate this group, writing most of the material, playing lead guitar and keyboard, and singing out



crisp melody/harmony things that will revitalize your celuloid experience. Their fiddle player used to back up Jim Kweskin. Very Good.

Another really good rock release of late is Quicksilver, a combination of old and new energies that come off better than ever. Inventive musicians are at work here, people who rely on their melodic imaginations to provide forty-plus minutes of light and whistful rock. Seldom a dead or empty

moment, so it's already receiving heavy exposure on radio everywhere.



And if you are still looking for the stuff that sets your audio appreciation on fire, you owe yourself a good long listen to McDonald and Giles. Here are two talents left over from the split-up of King Crimson about a year ago. They've spent an enormous amount of time and energies in the studio and have come up with something clean and intense. They manage to develope



sound musical ideas thouroughly, everything from dreamy, sentimental rapsody to full-blown, all-out, 16-track suites. A lot of studio time well spent.

It was bound to happen, I guess. And I'm a bit surprised it hasn't happened earlier. But hear it is, the first rock group to exploit their Indian heritage. Very timely idea. Only about a year and a half after Alcatraz. It's really too bad too, because after they pay the necessary attention to the Indian trip, complete with Custer's Last Stand and Indian war party tom-tom rhythm designs, Silverbird is capable of getting down to some pretty good music. I just can't help thinking



their producer saw a golden opportunity and the groupe is suffering along through the Indian Identity trip long enough to gain that important exposure which will allow them to play the good stuff. As it stands now, though, the good stuff seems to be secondary, sublimated for money reasons to the Red Power Madison Avenue idea. It's just too obvious when you listen closely to the later cuts on this, their first L.P. release, that their music energies are much deeper when only the naked music is revealed. They could be good, but right now they are only doing what the Monkeys did already. Commercial.

Jazz-Rock fans will certainly be glad to tickle their tweeters with The Fourth Way, some of the tightest individual collectivism in free sounds since Mingus was trying to get his bass out of hawk. It's only a quartet, but what a fantastic collection of personell. Drummer Eddie Marshall has served under names like Stan Getz, Gary

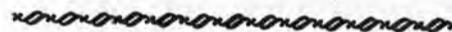
Burton, Dionne Warwick and Roland Kirk. Bass man Ron McClure learned his feather-light touch while in the service of Buddy Rich, Maynard Ferguson, Herbie Mann, Wes Montgomery, Wynton Kelly and Charles Lloyd. Leader Mike Nock picked up a few neat piano ideas while gigging with people like Yusef Lateef ("Live at Pep's"), Art Blakey, John Hardy, Booker Irwin, Stanly Turrentine and Eddie Marshall.

The group is set off ingeniously from all the rest by the vitality of Michael White's violin. White was with Sun Ra, Roland Kirk, John Handy and Elvin Jones at various times, in addition to winning the "New Star" award from Downbeat in '67.

You couldn't pack more talent into a four piece groupe if you had to. And the joy of it all is that they flow back and forth from Jazz to Rock so fluidly

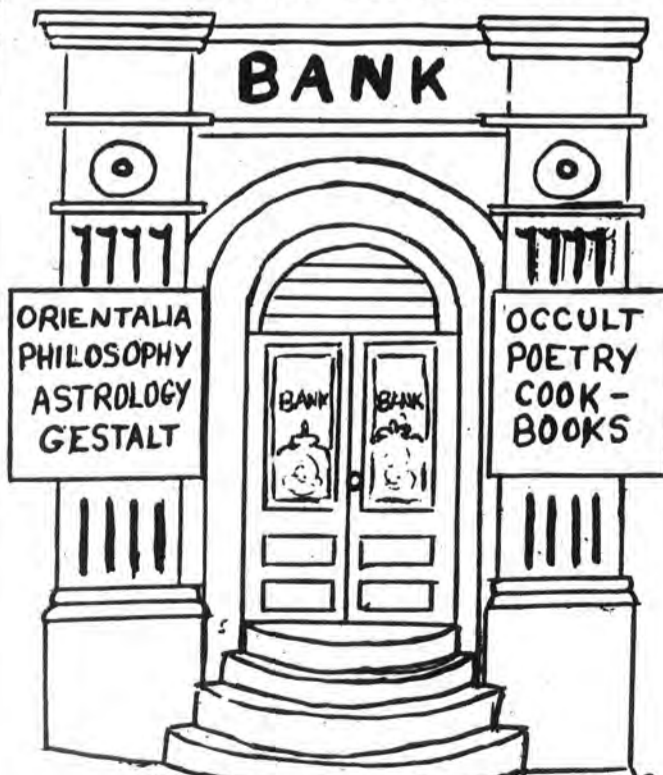


The entire album is incredibly rich. Every note, it seems, fits perfectly, to communicate the fascinating beauty of spiritual cooperation and awareness between them all. Definitely the most musical abundant release so far this year.



For some unknown reason, certain Vancouver promoters don't want to sell advance tickets in Bellingham. It is hoped that the petitions being prepared will cause them to reconsider. If you are tired of driving to Vancouver for tickets and then again for the concert, sign a petition at Puget Sound, 213 E. Holly, or the Viking Union at W.W.S.C. You never know who's listening.

## THE BANK BOOKSTORE



**HOROSCOPES CAST** Lynda Ames  
1100 HARRIS - SOUTHSIDE  
734 - 6910

## EVERETT MAGAZINE CENTER

NEWSPAPERS  
MAGAZINES  
PAPERBACKS  
plus

Everett's Largest  
Selection of  
**ADULT Publications**

You must be over 21 to purchase adult material.

1808 Hewitt  
ph. 258-1969



213 EAST HOLLY • BELLINGHAM • 734 1030

WE NOW HAVE A NEW DISTRIBUTOR FOR WATER BEDS AND OUR PRICES ARE WAY DOWN TO \$38.09 (\$40 WITH TAX) x

FOR A FULL, DOUBLE, QUEEN, OR KING x THESE ARE NOT REJECTS LIKE SOMEBODY IN SEATTLE WE KNOW SELLS x FRAMES AVAILABLE TOO x ALL THIS STARTS MARCH 8TH WHEN WE OPEN OUR WATERBED ROOM UPSTAIRS x

THE NEW BEDS CARRY A TWO YEAR GUARANTEE BUT WE'RE SURE THEY'LL BE AROUND IN TWO YEARS (THE MANUFACTURER AND YOUR BED) x

WE WILL STOCK, SO NO WAITING x WE MEAN TOTAL COMFORT FOR \$40 ISN'T BAD AT ALL x ON A WATERBED PIECE IS EVEN BETTER (SIC) x



Seattle Police Department  
Public Safety Building  
Seattle, Wn. 98104

Dear Sirs,

In recent demonstrations, I have observed that your department uses Mace, tear gas, and related substances. These outmoded materials not only injure innocent bystanders upon occasion, they create additional hostilities in an already irate crowd.

A possible solution would be to fill huge tanks with cannabis smoke. Police helicopters would blow great clouds of smoke over the angry masses. The demonstrators would soon settle down, hitch rides home to listen to their "Youngbloods" albums, and generally just forget about the hassle.

This plan would also be more economical than purchasing Mace from chemical corporations. Large amounts of cannabis are collected daily in narcotics raids. Instead of burning it in huge furnaces and letting the smoke go to waste, this plan would turn a useless waste product into a sophisticated, modern technique.

Sincerely yours,

a concerned citizen

*THEY SAY THAT LOVE OPENS MANY DOORS—  
APPARENTLY WE'VE WALKED INTO THE  
BROOM CLOSET*

*Together, we would spend the hours  
(Even garbage dumps were once full of flowers.)  
Love is blind, the saying goes  
(It must have numbed my nose.)  
Like a firework stand on the 5th of July  
The flame we share will never die.  
Pardon my sémantic slip  
If I call our mistake a relationship.*

*Like ham on a bagel, we go together  
Like paper dresses in rainy weather  
Like mold on bread, our feelings grew  
I have nothing, and it's all for you.*

*BON VOYAGE JONATHON EDGAR ABERCROMBIE THE III*

*Even the Girl Scouts were  
selling lids with their boxes of munchy-crunchy  
overpriced vanilla wafers,*

*So,  
it really wasn't very surprising  
that Jonathon Edgar Abercrombie the III  
succumbed  
to outside influences.*

*He took a toke  
(which means he sucked in a considerable amount)  
of an otherwise quite innocuous weed  
(Cannabis Sativa, to be sure.)  
which reacted with his One-A-Day multiple vitamin  
which reacted with his Sominex (for last evening's insomnia)  
and the No-Doz for the following morning's drowsiness—*

*(Crime doesn't pay, Jonathon.)*

*SEAT OF KNOWLEDGE*

*I have been  
sitting  
in the same place  
just long enough  
for people to assume  
that I know  
what I'm  
doing*

by lauralee best



# Ralph North of the Yukon

## Episode Two: Twitchie Britches' Inheritance

by charlie burke

Twitchibritches was sitting around the Lucky Diamond with two of her semi-professional girlfriends, Fan Tan and Melissa, when Banker Ross came in with a parrot perched on the right sleeve of his frock coat. He was accompanied by half of White Horse, including such types as Clyde Sharp and the dirty vermin.

"Miss Twitchibritches, my dear," said Banker Ross, "I understand you were acquainted with the late Mr. E. I. Oit, 92-year-old prospector who was searching for gold when he passed away suddenly about ten this morning."

"Gold, Banker Ross?" said Twitchibritches.

"I remember E. I. Oit," said Fan Tan to Melissa. "Skinny little guy who always wanted this parrot to sit in the room and watch."

"How did he pass on?" said Melissa to Banker-Ross.

"He was fatally attacked by thirty-seven tons of basalt."

"Yes," said Twitchiebritches, "I knew the late Mr. Oit. He loved cards and many marvelous slams at whist. Gold, Banker Ross?"

"Yes. Twenty-two million dollars worth of gold ore was dislodged due to the late Mr. Oit's miscalculated application of two sticks of dynamite to the base of Nose Mountain. That is why I've come to see you. E. I. Oit's sole companion, other than for purposes of whist, was this parrot I have here. This parrot is 92 years old, and was party to every thought given words by the late Mr. Oit; including what we must regard as his last will and testament." "I want to give it to

Twitchiebritches," the parrot said.

"Yeah, that's the one," said Fan Tan.

"What're you going to do with 22 million dollars worth of gold?" said Clyde Sharp to Twitchiebritches.

"If it were me," said Melissa, "I'd open the biggest gambling house in the Yukon. I'd have the handsomest card dealers and the best whiskey. I'd even get somebody up from Vancouver to put in electric lights." "If it were me," said Fan Tan, "I'd go home to Atlanta and build a big house with a summer veranda, and I'd have servants bring me any my gentleman callers juleps under the magnolia trees."

"You're going to need someone to protect you from all the sneaks and dirty dealers who will be after your money," said Clyde Sharp. Twitchiebritches decided that she could probably ditch Ralph North altogether.

"Sounds like a fine claim," said Clyde Sharp, the clerk at His Majesty's Bureau of Minerals and Refining, "but, unfortunately for yourselves, that land's been leased to Standard Oil of New Jersey. Better luck next time, Ralph North."

Twitchiebritches and the dirty vermin who'd been waiting to jump Ralph North's latest attempted claim (NWP Jan. 18 '71) filed out of His Majesty's office. Twitchiebritches went to the Lucky Diamond Cafe; the vermin went around to the back alley, where his cousin (also a dirty vermin) was holding the reins of the rare arctic long-haired pig.

"Well, Big Fella," said Ralph North



to his faithful dog, Big Dick, "it looks like you and me are going to have a long, cold winter." Big Dick wondered to himself if the job at the Red Cross was still open.

Ralph North came in with his faithful dog, Big Dick. "I'd like a pot of your best pork and beans, please. Do you have any of those crescent rolls? What's all this, Mabel? Hello, Miss Twitchiebritches, M'am; Banker Ross." Big Dick sniffed the beanpot in a vain search for animal traces.

"Miss Twitchiebritches has just inherited twenty-two million dollars in gold, Ralph North," said Banker Ross.

"Well, almost. There is a small matter of having this parrot to testify to that effect in court. That will be about half an hour from now. And that," Banker Ross bowed to Twitchiebritches, "is why I've come to escort you to the courthouse."

"I think I need some air," she said. "Allow me," said Banker Ross.

"You're always safe in His Majesty's hands," said Clyde Sharp.

"These are good beans," said Ralph North. Big Dick watched the dirty vermin sneak out the back door of the Lucky Diamond Cafe.

"Ralph North, you and I have got to have a little talk," said Twitchiebritches. Ralph North, Twitchiebritches, and Big Dick walked out the front door and around the side of the Lucky Diamond. Around the side was a tethering place for horses and wagons, where a dirty little fellow was tying up a grown mare. "I'm going to be a rich woman, Ralph North. I can take care of myself." The dirty little lot attendant got in her way, and, as if to prove her claim, she beat him up.

Big Dick had a pretty good idea of what was to come, so he beat it around the back. There, from behind a pork and beans crate, he saw the dirty vermin and the cousin and the

long-haired pig. They were hovered around a parrot. It was a little red teen-age female parrot, and they were talking about how to substitute it for the 92-year-old parrot and then jump the gold claim. Big Dick was listening closely when a female husky passed by.

Big Dick was part Malamute but part poodle. "Hello, little honey," he said suavely, "aren't you worried about walking the back streets of White Horse all by yourself? Maybe you could use company?"

"I can take care of myself," she said, and, as if to prove it, she attacked the guy who has tying up the horse.

Back in the Lucky Diamond Cafe, Banker Ross was waiting with the others, the 92-year-old parrot on his arm. Suddenly the dirty vermin said to him, "Banker Ross, why don't you let me brush that parrot shit off your frock coat?"

"Good idea, boy." Banker Ross turned to talk to Clyde Sharp, and the vermin slipped out the back with the 92-year-old parrot. Everything was going according to plan until the 92-year-old parrot saw that little red teenage female parrot.

"Polly want a cracker?" he said.

"Shove off, Grandpa. I can take care of myself," she replied, and, as if to prove it, she started pecking on the guy who was tying up the horse. The 92-year-old parrot chased after her, and he caught her right next to the pork and beans crate where Big Dick was conferring with the little female husky, which is where the 92-year-old parrot had a handful of heart attacks and died happy.

SO:  
Is Twitchiebritches Out?  
(or)  
Is Clyde Sharp In?  
(and)  
Will E.I. Oit rest in Piece?  
(You'll find out).

**GENUINE  
DENIM & WHITE  
NAVY BELL BOTTOMS  
PEA COATS  
NOW: BUTTON  
BELL BOTTOMS!**

**BLOCKS**

**ARMY & NAVY  
CORNER FIRST & PIKE  
SEATTLE**

Does your mother think you have brain cellular disease from all the stuff she popped trying to get rid of you?

Then come on down to **TOAD HALL** 4th & Harris for we love you just the same! 5-10 dinners nightly!!

**PILLOW POWER**

Pillow Furniture Custom Designed to your comfort, choose from 100's of the most Luxurious Fabrics

616 PIKE ST. Downtown Seattle MA3-7588

**BUG WORKS VW REPAIR**

LOCATED ON SOUTH SIDE CALL BARRY 733-8802



# Cheapos

by ed monk

**WHY CHEAPOS?** Did you know that according to *Slow Death* No. 2 (ecology comik), the weekly average earnings for American workers is \$121.26/week before taxes. After taxes (worker, wife, 2 kids), he makes \$106.49 which is 3 1/2% above '69 wages. However, if the \$ is based on the '57-59 index (what a buck used to be able to buy?), the real value of his take home pay is \$77.68 per week — the lowest wage earned since 1965. All of which could be just a comixal laugh, but it does get ya thinking.

**WINE - BEER:** Rheinlander Beer — 3 quarts for a dollar. I think it is probably Rainier beer. Cribari wine 3 colors (don't they all taste the same after a few drinks) at your favorite WSL Store. \$3.00 a gallon. (There is only one Cadillac.)

For bars you can do the Kulshan or Cap Hansen's for 25 cent 16 ounce schooners. The Iron Bull and Pluto's for dime nites and 75 cent pitchers (Monday and Wednesday respectively) and insanity prevails. The Fairhaven Tav has good stereo, free shuffleboard, and complimentary Top.

**FOOD:** Ever want to buy non-sacked food at near wholesale prices? Organic brown rice, 25 cents a pound; honey, 25 cents a pound; tamari, 56 cents a pint; granola, 40 cents a pound; organic whole wheat flour, 19 cents a pound. Come on in and see an alternative non-profit society grow before your very eyes, in living technicolor, cause they're painting the floor ox-blood and the shelves yellow and blue. A thing like the B'ham Food Co-op makes a cheapo heart beat hard and fast. Bring your own containers to 1000 Harris Avenue. They will have more and more super foods as time goes by. \$3.00 lifetime membership. Foodstamps welcome! (It's working!)

In the Skagit area, the cheapest grocery store I've heard of is Burlington IGA on Earl Street

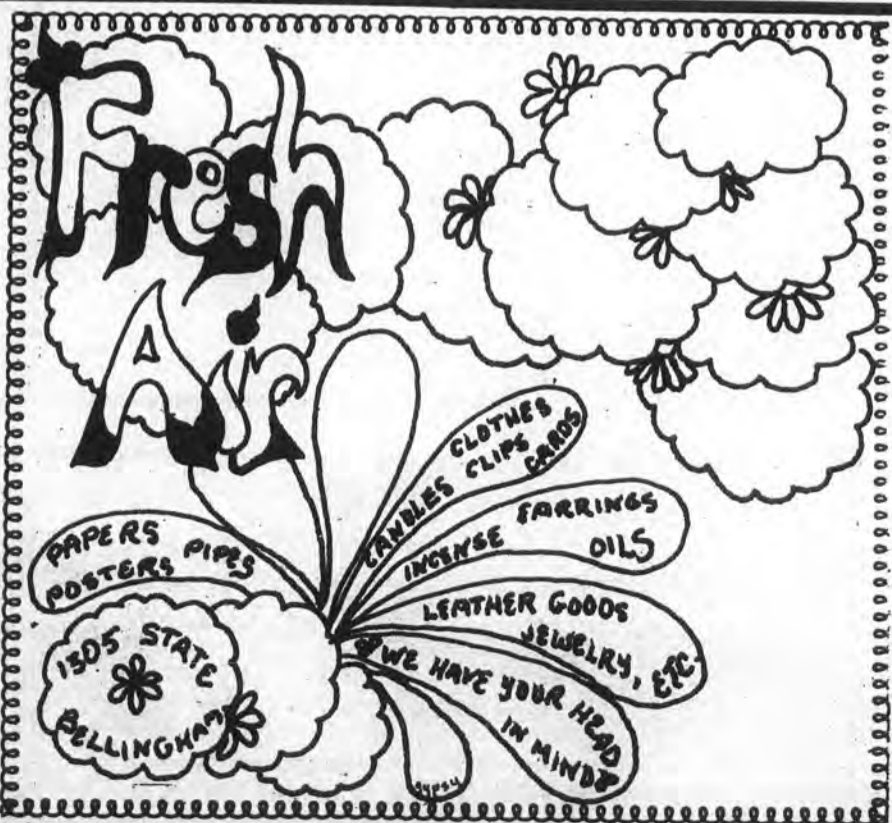
**NON-AMATEUR CHEAPOS:** Ever heard of the Whole Earth Catalog? Probably find it in a relevant bookstore like the Aardvark or Bank Books in B'ham or the ID in Seattle. Every budding Cheapo should look at it, cause they are into helping you get into you and helping you get out of the 'spend your bucks for all the unneeded things you "want" game.' They publish by the seasons and have supplements for a buck. \$8.00 for a years sub. Latest issue had an astronaut type picture of Mother Earth on the cover, which I guess is meant to help you put things into some kind of perspective.

**RECYCLE PAPER:** You can make a few bucks by having a paper drive and carting them down to G-P in B.Ham. I don't think Seattle has a place to do this, but I would like to know for sure. (So would Environmental Works).

**FOOD AGAIN:** For those of you who are not into the dainty affluence game, you can get some damn good vegetables at your favorite grocers dumpster. In the evening before pickup Time. Example of Cheapo Thinking: America is the only country in the world where a guy can eat and live better than 3/4 of the people in the world by picking up on what 3/4 of his countrymen throw away.

**COME ON, VANCOUVER:** I know you're right there in my mailbox somewhere. Anyone else out there want to join in the fun, just send me a card with your cheapo hints to Cheapo's, c/o NWP, 1000 Harris Avenue, Bellingham.

**NOW, THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF CHEAPOS** — As you will notice, the above is the end! Write on!



The only place north of Seattle that has these titles:

Art in America  
Creative Camera  
Organic Gardening

as well as 17 other special interest mags

**aardvark  
books  
and  
arts**

1222 North State  
(3 doors south of Snakey's)  
Open week nights until 9 p.m.  
734-4043

Frames - custom, handcarved  
Oils - imported & originals

Posters  
Prints  
Free Browsing



1409 Commercial  
734-1860

Across from the Bon

**YOUR QUESTIONS ON  
ABORTION**

**CAN ONLY BE FULLY  
ANSWERED BY  
PROFESSIONALS**

CALL (215) 878-5800  
24 hours 7 days  
FOR TOTALLY CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION.  
Legal Abortions Without Delay

**Barr Camera**  
108 East Magnolia 734-5900  
8:00-5:30 Mon-Sat  
\* film \* free \*  
\* cameras \* advice  
\* equipment \*  
\* processing

## Indian Ocean Trading Company

211 E. Holly St. — 733-9714  
Importers - Retail - Wholesale

Our products please visually, olfactorily, tactilly, and even spiritually.  
5' x 5' tapestries — \$15  
Indian 72" x 108" bedspreads — \$6.00  
And as most already know, we haggle... and are pleased to give the lowest prices.

10 a.m. — 6 p.m. Mon — Sat.

# Kasha

GOOD STUFF FROM EVERYWHERE  
MEXICAN GOODS — PRINTS



612 South 1st

HRS 10-6

MR. VERNON



# —Switchboard—

## BELLINGHAM

Crisis Clinic.....734-7271  
 Toad Hall.....733-9804  
 Community Food Co-op...734-0083  
 Northwest Free U.....733-8733  
 or.....733-5095  
 Tenant's Union.....676-3964  
 to report Pollution.....733-8750  
 if no satisfaction.....336-5705  
 Consumer Protection Service  
 (toll free).....1-800-552-0700

Selective Service  
 Board no. 21.....734-5454

Whatcom Museum of History  
 and Art.....734-5791

A.C.L.U.....734-0063  
 Community School.....734-0083  
 Dog Pound.....734-3133  
 Weather.....734-8557  
 Draft Counseling.....676-3732  
 Family Planning Clinic...734-9201  
 Food Stamps.....733-1870  
 St. Luke's Hospital.....734-8300  
 St. Joseph's Hospital....734-5400

Police - emergencies.....734-3131  
 business.....734-3133  
 Head Start.....734-8396

Bellingham Public Library  
 733-4041  
 Humane Society.....733-2080  
 Unemployment.....734-7200  
 Whatcom County Mental  
 Health Service.....734-3550

## SEATTLE

Open Door Clinic.....La4-7404  
 Sierra Club.....Me2-6157  
 Draft Resistance.....Me2-2463  
 Seattle Draft Counseling  
 Center.....Su9-0252

Washington State Board  
 Against Discrimination..Ma4-3272  
 Planned Parenthood.....Ea4-9948  
 Poison Information .....La4-4300  
 Puget Consumers Co-op..La2-2120

## EVERETT

Snohomish County Domestic Relations  
 Marital Problems/Family Court  
 259-6065  
 Department of Public Assistance  
 259-8484  
 Rescue Mission (Food and Shelter  
 over 18).....252-4776  
 Methadone Treatment Center  
 Seattle.....Ma2-9073  
 Bellingham Rd. Clinic...Em4-2122

Department of Public Health  
 259-9440  
 259-9419

Unwed Mother's Referral Service  
 Edmonds.....Pr8-2969  
 Snohomish.....Co8-4427  
 Karma Clinic.....259-5194  
 Planned Parenthood Snohomish  
 County.....259-0096



## GET YOUR PAPERS AT

FRESH AIR - 1305 State St. in Bellingham

OUT OF HAND LEATHERS - 1408 N. E. 40th  
 (off University Way) in Seattle

PILLOW POWER - 616 Pike St., in Seattle

THE GALLERY - 3114 Colby, Everett

KASHA - 612 So. 1st St., Mount Vernon

### Continued from page 9...Communal Focus...

negative, one can take drugs actually to go on a bummer, and find out why you're on it. But in our commune we're all pretty much into the space, that drugs aren't central to it. If they're happening, okay; if they're not happening, fine.

**ROBERT:** I think for just about everybody there, for at least a year, drugs were central to their lives. I dealt for two years, supported myself and stayed stoned twenty-four hours a day. My consciousness was changed and I started to feel that nothing was real, that everything was bullshit, you know. Out of that I started to give up—but that was the point where I was blown out. I was taken to this commune and shown what was real. My friends helped to blow me out of that space.

**ROXANNE:** Lauren, it seems that you've changed a lot—from the political commune to recently when you were planning to go out and live on the land in a sort of a rural commune. What caused your change of ideas about political action?

**LAUREN BATHURST:** My conception of revolution before the commune, say in 1968, was pretty one-dimensional, pretty much authority-oriented. Our actions were based on—on being American in 1968, I guess. We had been brought up authority-oriented, looking for answers to be told to us. So when political lines were developed on the left, it seemed so easy. It fit into place, fit into the lifestyle that we were already in. Today I don't deny the validity of that analysis, only that it denied the validity of other levels of revolution. That's what the bummer was about that, because it was the self-righteous approach. Not looking at all the forms that were opposed to American culture, seeing them as valid. Living on the land, trying to get ourselves together, is a valid thing to do, probably a necessary thing to do simply because we've been so alienated from one another in the first place.

**MARY KAY:** For you, would living in a rural commune be a step towards revolution?

**BECKY:** Yes, a change to the new human being that needs to come if we're going to survive.

**ROXANNE:** Do you have any sympathy for the idea that there isn't time, as David Clarke has said? That it

Northwest Passage March 1—14, 1971

would be fine if we had two generations to work through this, and everything could wait. But just taking the environmental issues, you realize that there just aren't two generations to wait.

**BOB:** When we talk about time, we're referring to eternal time, we're not thinking of this time now.

**ROXANNE:** Well, I am.

**ROBERT:** Lauren used a good word—he called it self-righteousness. He said that that was the motivation for his political activity. It's like the revolution is inside. Until you've revolutionized yourself and gotten into a space where you're pure, where you're an example, then you can't change anything, except in a self-righteous way.

**MARY:** Maybe there's a difference between your type of commune and the type of commune that shuts itself off completely from the outside world and says, for example, "we're going to garden, and that's it." I gather that's not your approach at Kelly Road.

**ED:** No, the commune aspect is tangential. But we welcome contact with people, I talk to people about our ideas all the time, and I feel that in personal contact there's an exponential effect much greater than anything I might have done before in the way of programs for social change.

What we have going on out at the commune is something that works for me. The Christ symbols sometimes freak people out, but they're just symbols. What we're talking about is a way of perceiving the universe. One thing people need to understand is the process, how do we undo fears. There's real work involved, and real pain and real freak-outs.

The other thing is you have to believe in what you're doing.

Beginning in March, the Unitarian church of Bellingham is presenting an "alternative lifestyles" program every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. for six weeks.

The program will deal with co-operative living, Christianity, ecological, middle-class, and Eastern religions as alternatives open to individuals in this society.

On March 7 the excellent film, "The Red Balloon" will be shown and discussion will center around Christianity as a viable focus for living.

The Unitarian church is on Gladstone. For further information, call Peggy Bishop, 734-0366.

### (jail courtesy)

The local chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) is gathering material on certain kinds of cases. They would like to hear from: 1) anyone who believes he is qualified to vote, but has not been allowed to register; or 2) anyone who has had his hair cut in the jail against his wishes. If you have had either experience, contact Dan Larner (734-1306) or Robert Keller (734-0063). Office phone numbers are 676-3224 and 676-3684, respectively.

## Your Mother's Mustache



FIRST & WASHINGTON (IN SEATTLE) MA3-9172





## Free Connections

Connections are now being run free of charge to individuals as a community service. Rates for businesses are 10 cents a word, \$1.00 minimum. Send ad and money to Northwest Passage, 1000 Harris Ave., Bellingham 98225.

All ad copy submitted to Free Connections is subject to approval by The Staff. Ads which we feel cannot be run will be returned.



FOR SALE: 59 VW Camper, excellent condition, \$550 or best offer. Rusty, 2513 Kelly Road, 592-2815.

I HAVE SCRAP BRASS that I bought in quantity. I would like to sell half of it (20 lbs.) really cheap! See Joan at 703 21st Street, Bellingham. Also, Arc and Gas Welding jobs, reasonable.

I AM GOING TO BICYCLE across the country this summer and I need somebody to misinterpret the experience with as I go. If you want to come, I am: Ken Rasmussen, Jr., P. O. Box 171, Paulsbo, WA 98370. Phone 779-3446.

CANADIAN GUY, 25, would like to meet American girl for outings, object matrimony. Contact Jack, +4406, 2405 Pine Street, Vancouver, B.C.

FOR SALE: 1961 VW Bus Camper. Friend busted, need bread. \$650.00. Call 734-0083, ask for Neil.

CAPTAIN NEEDS FIRST MATE for South Pacific sailing cruise. Interested? Call 734-6319.

REFRIGERATOR NEEDED for Spring Quarter. Have you got a used one for sale? Call Leslie, 676-4288.

If the Joel who rode from Seattle to Frisco in a red van (with his "small" dog George) with Diane and Dennis is around, Diane sends her love from Chicago.

FOR SALE OR TRADE: '60 VW Bug with '64 engine. Looks bad, runs good. \$250. Come see, corner North Pass and South Pass Roads, Everson.

CLIFF PERRY, a people's guitar teacher, desires people seeking to learn to PLAY THE GUITAR. Lessons every week at reasonable prices. Call 734-4665 and we'll talk it over.

FOR SALE: Almost 7 acres with stream through property. Mostly wooded, located 1/4 miles SE of Lake Whatcom. Old two story house - no electricity. Lots of room. \$8500. Will sell on contract \$1850 down, balance \$100 per month. Contact United Town and Country, 1256 Guide Meridian, 4 miles north of Bellingham. Office 398-7766. Or call Hank Hayne, 734-0097.

TIME CAPSULE 1971: What would you put in a time capsule to tell peoples of future generations what 1971 America was all about? Send entries to "Time Capsule," Northwest Passage 1000 Harris Avenue, Bellingham. We'll publish the results, and if practical maybe even gather the stuff and bury the capsule during the Spring Street Festival.

FREE PLAYGROUP being formed for young children. Ages 2 1/2 to 4 in parents' home near Capitol Hill in Seattle. Call Beth or Jerry at EA 3-7005.

MUSHROOM CLUB: An organizational meeting, Thursday night, March 4, 8:00 p.m. at the Mt. Baker Motorcycle Clubhouse, 1/2 mile north of Hannegan Road and Baker View Road. Contact Rich Haard at 676-3636.

The two of us want a chick roommate for our house on Liberty Street. Share expenses. Easy to get along with. 734-5546.

LOST: A rust and multi-colored knit hat at Pluto's last week. Return to Room 006, VU. Small reward offered. Really of personal importance to me.

FOR SALE: Miranda camera; S.L.R.; 50 mm focal length; 1.9 aperture; interchangeable prism; built-in light meter. Make an offer. Leave a message for Richard at 592-2815.

THE BANK BOOK STORE would like any old bicycles (boys and girls) in working condition. If you have one, and don't need it, we could use it. The Bank Book Store, 11th & Harris, 734-6910.

WANTED TO BUY: Bicycle, 5 or 10 speed, girls, will pay. Contact Melissa via connexions.

FRENCH 367, French Literature in English Translation (3 credits) will be offered during spring quarter (11 MWF Goldsmith). It will deal with the verse and prose poetry of Baudelaire and Rimbaud and will require no knowledge of French. The works will be read in bilingual editions with emphasis on these poets' revolutionary talents and esthetics and their implications for contemporary poetry. The course should be of particular interest to students majoring in literature, art or music. Students are encouraged to take the course on a Pass/Fail basis.

WANTED: Volkswagen or small car. Must be in good condition and dependable. Under 200. Sandy - 676-5043.

ASPECT is a monthly magazine chiefly by and for college-age expression whose pages are open to all comers: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, artwork, whatever. We've got a lot of good stuff and a small circulation. We'd like to share ASPECT with you. Your subscription is not tax deductible, but you can bet we're non-profit! Begun March 1969. \$5/year, \$3 1/2 year, 50 cents per copy. 66 Rogers Avenue, Somerville, Mass. 02144.

COOPERATIVE NURSERY starting in Bellingham March 9. Free. Mothers will take turns. Children ages 1 - 3 approx. Tentative beginning time 10 to 12 daily, but open to accommodate needs. Not just babysitting, but learning, creative use of time, trips planned to parks and beaches, etc. Call Mauri Finley, 734-6870.

MULTI-MEDIA ART COURSE, called "Disorder and New Ideas of Order in Contemporary Art," will be offered at WWSC this Spring. Examination and performance of music, drama, literature, painting, dance, and the plastic arts as they reflect contemporary consciousness. Tied in with Fine Arts Symposium guest-artists: Anthony Burgess, Murray Schafer, Robert Morris, and Dougal McArthur. If interested in working with these artists, and studying the works of Cage, Pinter, Borges, Tobey, Oldenburg and Merce Cunningham, contact Gene Garber in English Department. Academic credit available.

ANOTHER MOTHER FOR PEACE? Want to move one step further. Coalition being formed. Call Rita at 733-9184.

GOODBYE DEAR IAN. Your spirit will live with us. All our love, Reuben and Joan.

TIRED OF CITY HASSLE? Move your house trailer 1 1/2 miles north of Lake Whatcom. Fir trees and secluded. \$40 / month. 5 miles to campus. Call 734-1431, M. Shannon.

THE ORGANIC TRAVELER is a guidebook to the entire Pacific Coast for freaks and folks who get behind natural foods, handmade goods and people services. Travel the natural way from Seattle to San Diego. \$2.00 from P. Lion & Co., Box 416-NP, N. Hollywood, CA 91603. Dealers inquire, CA Res. add 5% tax.

ARTWORK: All forms, sign paintings, illustration, etc. George, 1303 11th Street, Bellingham.

4 rolls of ANSCO color slide film plus developing kit \$8.75. Barr Camera, 108 E. Magnolia, 734-3900.

There are many others to be so true like you. I hope that my love will follow you thru. You'll come back again. Please do. I'm missing the one that I knew. Amen, Cadillac.

OLD HOT POINT Range. Works good. \$10. Water Heater might work. Bob Gottschall, P. O. Box 92, Maple Falls, Wash. 98266.

DEAR FRIENDS: If anyone knows of a friendly male dog (preferably housebroken) that can help us get over the grief of losing our Ian, we would be glad to offer it a good home with lots of running space. See Joan at 703 21st Street, Bellingham, or leave message at 734-1531.

ARTISTS: MAKE MONEY! - An auction of objects de art produced by local artists is being planned in the Bellingham area. If you're interested in receiving a little bread for your effort, contact Cliff Perry, afternoons and evenings are preferable, at 734-4665.

Creative Cookery Class for the Free U will not meet March 3.

FOOD CO-OP MEMBERSHIP MEETING will be held Wednesday, March 3, at 7:30 p.m. in Toad Hall. Come one, come all, we need your brain and muscle power.

NORTHWEST FREE U is preparing its Spring Quarter schedule. If you have a workshop or class to offer, call Jenny or Judy at 733-5095 or Mike at 733-8733, or write P. O. Box 1255, Bellingham.

NEED HIGH CHAIR and bicycle infant's seat cheap. Have good slide rule, new mechanical drawing set, long dark-brown wig. Will sell or trade. Call Grix, 734-4788.

GIRL WHO INQUIRED to Indian Ocean in November and January with downtown store experience, please get in touch.

HELP! The Passage desperately needs desks, file cabinets, typewriters, any office equipment, tables, etc. You can contribute! Call 734-1755, or write Box 105, South Bellingham Station.

BRAINWAVE FEEDBACK electro encephalophone. Send 10 cents, J&J Enterprises, 8102N in Bainbridge, Washington 98110.

PSST! We're Here - but not many know it yet. Be the first in your neighborhood. Tune into some fine threads... clothes that feel good. JAY JACOBS, 1411 Cornwall, 10 to 9:30 and 12 to 5 on Sunday. Mention the Passage - it identifies you!

ZAP! ALL UNDERGROUND and antique comix plus esoteric adult-type publications and trips at Underground Arts Unlimited, 1023 First Avenue, Seattle.

VOLKSWAGEN REPAIR: Tune-ups, valve jobs, or whatever. Located on South Side. Call Barry, 733-8802, after 5:00.

FOR SALE: Small refrigerator, 4-burner electric range, \$30.00 each. Need a sound trash burner. Also have 1953 2WD Willys Station Wagon, in need of engine rebuild: make offer, at 1107 22nd Street. Or leave message at 676-3976.

WELL, That's all for today, folks! Hope you'll get together on what you've got and what you need. Don't forget the Bellingham Food Co-op meeting, Wednesday night in Toad Hall. Maybe the Labrador Tea will be in by then.





## IS THE SOUND OF GOOD VIBES

COPPEES TEAS MUSIC ETC ~  
1207 CORNWALL

**OPENING** Monday, March 5  
6:00 P.M.

Live Music: D. Dalton & The High Street Terrorz  
and Chris Morissette



## Our Cover Girl

Mother Earth, we used to call her. Symbol of fertility. Regenerative source of all life. A cohesive unifying force that tied our world together; gave it not only its existence but its reason for being.

Then we put her under the knife: bisected her, dissected her, slit her flesh, removed her life organs in massive acts of major surgery. We made her into a commodity to be manipulated by the strongest and the hardest.

The ecology movement has made all of us aware that this segmented approach to living has forced on us problems of immense proportions. We at the Northwest Passage feel our job is to help in the task of reunifying Earth as an interconnected healthy organism; to educate people toward alternative, earth-centered life styles.

This, we believe, is a three-part process: (a) discovering what's wrong; (b) defining the necessary social and political action to correct what's wrong; and (c) reporting what's good and new in alternative ways of living. You may not agree with all our judgments, but we feel sure you'll find them thought-provoking, and that can be a good in itself.

We're looking toward the future; socially, politically, environmentally and artistically. We think we have a good thing going and we think you'll think so too. Price is only \$6 for a year. Twenty-six issues of solid personal journalism, covering earth with love and responsibility. We'd like to hear from you. So would Mother Earth.

I would like to receive the PASSAGE regularly. Enclosed please find my six-dollar check or money order for a one-year subscription (Outside U.S., Canada, Mexico: \$8.50). Two-year subscription \$11.00.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State ..... Zip .....

Box 105 - South Bellingham Station - Bellingham, WA 98225

arts and lectures <sup>winter</sup> '71

## The Repertory Dance Theatre of Utah

Residency Program:  
March 9-11

Performance: THURSDAY, March 11, 8:15 p.m.

Music Auditorium

WWSC Students, Faculty & Staff Free

High School \$.75; General \$1.50



MEXICAN POTTERY  
CLOTHING

1300 BAY ST.  
11AM-9PM MON-SAT.

PINATA

